

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 14, No. 35. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—26 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 13, 1901.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 711.

## Things in General.

NOTHING that I know of is quite so exasperating as using the telephone, for three times out of four when I ring up I either find the line in use or get no answer. When the line is in use one hears a sort of a buzz over the wire and z-z-b-n-l-m-e-f-t-i-e-g-r-e-r-z-s-d-b-4-g-i-d-z. After this unintelligible reply the connection is promptly shut off, and one has to ring and ask the telephone girl what she said. By the time you get an answer from her she has forgotten, rings up the number again, buzzes back at you, and shuts you off. After waiting until one's arm gets tired holding the hearing attachment, there is nothing left to be done but to abandon the pursuit of the desired number and ring Central up again. Once in a while the girl gets mad and talks plainly and forcibly, but generally, for fear that you may be mad and want to talk forcibly, she shuts off the connection. The whole business is so exasperating that I scarcely ever go to the telephone myself if I can get anyone else to do it for me. Yet it must not be forgotten that half of the irritation at least is caused by the central office not being able to catch the person you want. Twenty-five per cent. of it must be charged to the fact that you are talking to somebody who is not in sight and who is being much overworked. The other twenty-five per cent. can be justly set down to the debit of the perhaps frivolous and incompetent or overworked young woman who is acting as intermediary at the central telephone office. By accident the other day I had a chance to see one of these young women at work in a country office where the attention was good and the service prompt. A youngster was playing about, and she was talking to the little girl and consuming time, and ringing up, and making entries on a card, and mixing up other business with mine, and though I got the long distance connection that I had asked for within a very reasonable time, because I had consumed a few seconds more than was allowed for forty cents she charged me ten cents extra. The customers of the Telephone Company, when perhaps a quarter or half an hour of their time is unduly wasted, get no rebate. Their message becomes no cheaper because very youthful or incompetent people are handling the business. This is unfair. If a telephone gets out of order and no business can be done by its aid for perhaps a day, no damages can be successfully claimed from the company. This is all a one-sided proposition, and though we in Toronto do not pay as much as is paid in some United States cities for business or private telephones, it must be remembered that they are less used here than in the localities which are quoted by an evening newspaper as paying more. If we get bad service we ought to be remunerated for the time wasted in trying to make connection, to an equal extent to that which is obtained by the Telephone Company if you exceed by a couple of seconds the allotted period for the standard rate. If it is fair that one should pay for a long distance telephone forty cents for five minutes' conversation, it is not fair that after the connection is established one should be charged ten cents for the fraction of a minute in excess of the original bargain. In sending a telegram, the first ten words cost twenty-five cents—two and a half cents a word. After that it is one cent a word. If one pays eight cents a minute for the first five minutes, the additional minutes should not cost more than from three to five cents per minute. The example given, however, is sufficient to indicate how helpless are the public when they, as units of the community, deal with a monopoly. The only way to deal with such concerns which have become as necessary to the transaction of public business as the Post-office, is to nationalize the whole concern or to so restrain them by legislation that extortion cannot be practised even by a child when in charge of a telephone. Another thing which I had omitted to mention is the fact that a man seldom looks at his watch when about to use a telephone, so that the one in charge of the instrument is both time-keeper and rate-maker.

It appears that the street railway receipts are continually increasing, those for last month showing an advance of nearly \$16,000 over the increase for June last year. In June, 1898, the receipts were less than \$92,000, while in June, 1901, they were within a fraction of \$140,000. It was prophesied when the bicycle craze set in that the wheel and the automobile would be great competitors of the street railway. The increase quoted shows that this has not been the case. Somewhat to the detriment, perhaps, of the advertising columns of "Saturday Night," I have more than once pointed out that riding a bicycle as a fashionable means of obtaining pleasure was only a fad and would soon die out, and that riding the wheel would after a while become nothing more than a means of transportation for those not ashamed to be known to be using the vehicle for that purpose.

When the bicycle companies turned their none too modern machinery and their none too valuable material into a trust company, the purchasers of the stock should have been a little more conservative in their figures with regard to prospective profits, as the present condition of the stock distinctly shows. The conditions which have brought about the great decrease in the profits of bicycle makers, if not in the returns of those who vend these machines, are easily recognizable. A very few years ago no one was in the swim socially who was not possessed of an up-to-date bicycle. Bicycle clubs, bicycle parties, road races, conventions and periodicals, all indicated an unusual interest in an inanimate and uninteresting object. Fashionable ladies and their escorts could be seen going in every direction. Young ladies, girls yet in their teens, drifted everywhere in company with young men. Probably it is not worth while to be reminiscent, but I think on this page was found the only local protest against the unconventionality of such a procedure and a suggestion of the probable evil results both to the riders and the business of making bicycles. Sitting at my door on Jarvis street in those days, I could often count ninety people on wheels, not in processions, but fluttering about like clouds of mosquitoes. The night that this is being written I sat for an hour in the cool of the evening on this favorite thoroughfare for bicyclists, and at no time could I count nine. Socially the bicycle has been more or less tabooed; the excitement of road races and wheeling parties has faded away. The machine is now simply a wheel on which people can get from one point to another with but slight danger to themselves, though causing unpleasant peril to pedestrians. The plumber with a section of water-pipe, the carpenter with a piece of scantling, the messenger boy with a letter, the delivery boy with a parcel, and business men and the employees of large institutions going to and from work, are the ones who use what was at one time called "the noiseless steed."

The change in the business aspect of making and selling bicycles which has followed upon the change of public opinion, is equally marked. When bicycling was a fashionable amusement and the machine was not yet perfected,

everybody who wished to be considered "in it" had to buy a new bicycle every year, with all the modern improvements. Every machine that failed to possess the latest device was called an "ice-wagon." Now that the machine is as nearly perfected as any mechanical device in the market, no one thinks of replacing a fairly efficient bicycle in order to get the brand of the current year. Instead of paying a hundred or a hundred and twenty dollars for a new wheel, the one who wants a bicycle for commercial purposes is satisfied with one costing thirty-five or forty, or even less. Thus the consecutive sale of probably three or four high-class wheels to one purchaser has entirely ceased, and now when anyone buys a wheel it is with the idea of using it as long as it will work.

As an offset to this there is the increased use of the wheel in rural districts, where bicycles are now a staple commodity, sold at a low price, and generally in use amongst those who find them a convenience. Though the machines have disappeared as a social appendage, their use has been wonderfully increased. Nevertheless, the profits of bicycle-makers have been reduced to such an extent

I have often thought it, but never ventured to say it until he has practically preceded me in the announcement, that the Church is too little given to sociability and good works, and too much addicted to the creation and circulation of hot air.

TALKING about religion—which is an appropriate topic for hot weather—Rev. Mr. Pedley in the Western Congregational church last Sunday made a statement which seems to me in every particular to describe the situation. Preaching on the text, "Prove all things," the reverend gentleman is reported to have said that "men in business and politics are prompt, alert, masterful—in religion they are sheep." He was pointing out the difference between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and making distinct the principle that in Catholicism external authority—that is, the interpretation of religion by one's religious or mental superiors—is final, while the cardinal principle of Protestantism is the belief that the reason and conscience of the individual is a finality. According to the report of his sermon, he did not dwell upon the large num-

entertain the pastor, to have their children christened and those dear to them buried under the old forms. It is true they do not think as much about religious subjects as they do regarding the questions which daily demand their closest scrutiny, but they go in droves and are compliant when their religious leaders issue an order, to an extent which would probably make them ashamed if they would pause and think. As of old, the text holds true that "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way"—always like sheep, going right sometimes, wrong generally.

IN his address to the Provincial Temperance Alliance, the president, Rev. Dr. Mackay, of Woodstock, traced in a luminous way the forces that are working for moderation in drinking. "A healthy temperance sentiment prevailed in Ontario," said Dr. Mackay. "There was not a railway company in the province which did not make temperance imperative in its employees, and it was shown by correspondence which the 'New Voice' of New York had carried on with the railway companies of the United States, that no railway in that country would employ men who were addicted to the use of spirituous liquors. Every one of them had replied that it was to their interests to have prohibition strictly enforced. There was not a bank in the city of Toronto, he might say in the Province of Ontario, which would engage on its staff a man known to use liquor; there was not a School Board in the province that would employ a teacher who was not strictly temperate; not a merchant who would have a clerk in his store who drank. Not a church"—here he paused, and then proceeded to say that it was not many years since even ministers of the Gospel drank, sometimes to excess and with impunity; now, however, no church would employ even a doorkeeper who was known to be a drinking man.

Up to this point Dr. Mackay can be followed and endorsed by nearly all, though his picture of Ontario ill agrees with the pessimistic utterances of the more panicky prohibitionists who have been telling us that drinking is actually on the increase. It is when Dr. Mackay goes on to bewail the lack of a prohibitory law that a great many will fail to trace a logical connection between his premises and his conclusion. If it is true that temperance sentiment is growing so rapidly as he describes, why, it will be asked, should any friend of temperance seek to meddle with the forces at work? Why not let well enough alone? This is the point where prohibitionists get away from the solid ground and attempt to stand on thin air. They demand, as Dr. Mackay demands, the right to dictate legislation and bring governments and parties to book. In the very same breath they are forced to admit that they have been unable to send a single genuine out-and-out prohibitionist to Parliament or in any other effective political fashion to demonstrate that public opinion is in earnest about reforming by law evils that are inevitably reforming themselves.

WEDNESDAY'S double drowning in the Long Pond at Center Island was a most deplorable affair, not only because of the sacrifice of two young lives—one being that of as true a hero as ever risked his all to save a fellow-being—but also because it brings home the culpable negligence of public officials whose duty it should be to see that such an accident, in such a place, could not be possible. Long Pond has been the scene of many drownings. It is full of weeds and deep holes. Center Island is a favorite resort for picnic parties, and daily in the summer hundreds of children play there, who cannot be expected to know that they risk their lives in going into or upon the Pond. The banks are easily accessible at almost every point, and to get an idea of the danger that exists and of the negligence there has been on somebody's part, it is only necessary to quote from a report of Wednesday's said affair: "The spot where the fatality occurred was dredged by the city two years ago to a depth of twelve feet. At the shore and for a long distance out the greatest depth is three feet. There was great consternation among those who witnessed the fatality over the very inadequate life-saving apparatus at that point. There are no notices of warning anywhere near the scene of the double drowning, nor are there any pike-poles or ladders."

The City Hall has been strikingly described this year as a sort of enchanted castle where everyone is asleep. There is time for all sorts of fancy ceremonials and Arabian Nights projects—for the picturesque and the impossible. It will be generally felt that a little time and money expended in measures for the protection of life at such spots as Center Island would be of greater practical value than the arranging of municipal leagues and other such "spurgers" of the pink tea variety.

IT is becoming the fashion for the "Napoleons" of the British publishing world to make triumphal tours of America. They come, they see, and for a brief space they conquer. A short time since we had Mr. Alfred Harmsworth explaining the sources of his marvellous success and demonstrating in New York the up-to-date journalism as he understands it. Now it is Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, "owner of the London 'Express' and some thirty other successful publications."

Mr. Pearson, following the almost universal practice amongst men who have made somewhat of a name for themselves or accumulated a few more shekels than the generality of mortals, has been drawn into a discussion of Success. Your average millionaire can give a learned dissertation on this subject at a moment's notice, winding up with an infallible recipe derived from his own experience. If he be a Carnegie, he will lay it all to porridge and early piety; if a John D. Rockefeller, he will utter the usual cant phrases about frugality, application, etc., and will also wind up with a reference to the efficacy of regular attendance at church, exhibiting, by way of illustration, a dog-eared pass-book in which his youthful contributions to the collection plate are duly recorded in well-ruled columns. There has been so much cheap talk about how to be successful that the subject has become decidedly sickening. There is always room at the top, yet the top implies bottom and intermediate courses. The world does not afford opportunity for every inhabitant to become a getter of millions, even if we concede that the getting of millions is the highest mission a person can fulfill. Nor is all mankind fashioned after a single mould. It is quite true that the cardinal virtues have their place in the winning of triumphs in the industrial and commercial world. But many a man who has the cardinal virtues quite as well developed as our friends the millionaires, is pegging away at a cobbler's bench or hoeing potatoes in a back lot. There can be no infallible formula for making men successful in the worldly sense of the term.

Though it is productive of lassitude to find Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, like others of his class, talking bombastically to reporters about Success as exemplified in his own achievements, one is pleasantly surprised by his candid admission that while hard work and ability were essential, the most important element in his triumphs was good old-



A REMARKABLE GROUP.

From the handsome edition of the "Sentinel-Review," issued in honor of Woodstock's inauguration as a city.

that the large corporations loaded down with watered stock, antique machinery and clumsy methods are almost out of business.

A DISTINCT which was given to the religious clubs and societies by Rev. W. W. Sparling in the Metropolitan church last Sunday night, when he said, "I believe I will live to see the day when there will be a hundred churches to where there is one now, and all open seven days in the week." He denied that the Church has lost its power over young people, but urged that there should be more sociability in the established organizations to propagate the Gospel. He did not deny that the Church had partially failed to do its duty in this matter, but urged the devout to be kind to strangers and to make smoother the lives of those who were friendless. My opinion on religious matters would probably have very little weight in a Methodist Conference, but whatever difference it may make, I desire to say that I think that Rev. Mr. Sparling is right. I do not think that clubs and such auxiliary institutions are of any value except to make religion socially popular. While effecting this, the tendency of such institutions is to destroy the spirit of true religion and to establish a formalism quite as meaningless as that promoted by political organizations. Whether in Rev. Mr. Sparling's lifetime there will be a hundred churches where there is now one, I should not like to prophesy. That there will be that percentage of increase, however, together with the keeping of them open seven days instead of one, looks to me like a very large proposition. If the reverend gentleman, who is so much concerned in this matter, but who would doubtless refuse to accept it as a compliment if I called him Brother Sparling, were to get his project one step further than talk, I would believe that something big might possibly be coming. When we get one prominent Methodist church like the Metropolitan open seven days in the week; when it is made more of a meeting-place, more of a hospice, more like one of those monasteries which never turn away a needy brother or a weary traveller, I will see the dawn of those better days which he predicts.

ber of Roman Catholics who merely accept the name and stay within the pale of the Church, reasoning for themselves, and upholding their creed simply to escape embarrassment or excommunication. As a matter of fact, Roman Catholicism has in the past been a great benefactor to the people, if we believe it a great benefactor to have retained doctrine in unadulterated and religio-analytical purity. The Protestant principle of permitting each man to think for himself—and really who has a right to prevent such a mental operation as "independent thought" either with regard to religion, politics, or anything else?—has resulted in hundreds of sectarian movements which in many instances may have done great good to individuals, and as combined forces have brought about many reforms. This is the effect of people acting like "sheep," for individually it is perhaps safe to say that more people have died certain of heaven in the Roman Catholic faith than in any other. But to avoid dissertation on such a difficult topic, the question might be asked if people are not like sheep in every walk of life. Do they not follow leaders perhaps no better qualified to lead, in politics, business and economics, as in religion? The number of people who think for themselves and act for themselves, and "prove all things" for themselves, is very small. Indeed, the majority of them are incapable of anything but a very crude conclusion. The incapacity of the multitude may be less to-day than it was when the Roman Catholic Church was founded and its creed formulated. The world is also more capable now of correct judgment than when the Presbyterian and the majority of Protestant creeds were first definitely settled. It would be heresy in any Church to proclaim that these creeds and confessions of faith are only accepted tentatively, and that the great majority of men are thinking for themselves. It would be a departure from truth, however, to state that in Protestantism the members of churches are much less like sheep than they used to be. Conventionalism, fear of being called an agnostic, an infidel, a crank, prevent the most reasonable of men from repudiating some of the doctrines which in the various denominations are held sacred. They may feel "sheepish," but continue to sit in their pews, to



fashioned Luck. It is a pleasant thing to be considered lucky, yet very few of those who have achieved something noteworthy will admit that Luck had anything to do with the performance. They like to have the fortunate results of any venture attributed solely to their foresight, prudence or other good qualities. It has been the cant of the moment amongst both the strictly practical and the severely religious, to deny the possibility of such a thing as Luck. To many, the word smacks of sinful superstition. Yet in the sense of a fortunate combination of circumstances there is no doubt that such a thing as Luck does exist. Men may take thought as they will, and lay their plans with what skill they can, but if opportunity does not meet them half way their efforts are doomed either to failure or partial success. There is no mystery about this. We all recognize that some men have been favored with peculiarly fortunate auspices for their undertakings. The mystery, if mystery there is, begins where we commence to find that some men seem to be perpetually bumping up against fortunate combinations of circumstances, while others have a fatal tendency to do the reverse. Almost any reader will be able to recall one or more instances of the sort. How are these cases to be explained except on the assumption that there is some measure of truth in the old saying about a divinity "shaping our ends, rough-hew them how we will"?

The belief in bad Luck is deeper rooted, no doubt, than the hope of good Luck, because what looks like bad Luck is necessarily the more common. In the nature of things the majority of mankind must be content with the commonplace lot, and it is perhaps one of the merciful consolations of these to imagine that they should and could have become something extraordinary had they not been held back by some strange combination of adverse circumstances which they generalize under the name of Bad Luck.

NOTHING is gained, remarks a local religious contemporary despairingly, "by trying to paint Toronto in other than its true colors. The truth is that in a large number of drug stores all sorts of 'soft drinks' are sold on Sunday, and that a number of lunch parlors serve ice cream at any hour." If the extreme Sabbath Observance people had been invited to select the best rope with which to hang themselves, they could not have picked out one more likely to do the work expeditiously and efficiently than the anti-soda water end of their crusade, with the system of prying and spying resorted to in order to secure convictions. In Canada there is a strong and wholesome sentiment opposed, on the one hand, to the extremes of the Continental and Yankee Sunday, and on the other to the narrow, pharisaical interpretation of the Scriptures which would make the first day of the week a day of torment to all whose inclinations do not coincide with those of the extremists. Such a spell of torrid weather as we have recently had in Toronto, and as we are likely to have every summer, unless the Sabbath Observance people can shift the country several degrees further north, demonstrates the necessity of a reasonable application of the laws against Sunday trading when applied to the sale of cooling drinks. The ministers and church-goers have homes where they can enjoy seasonable viands and beverages at all times, even if the "biddy" is required to do a little Sabbath desecrating in order to meet the needs of the household on a broiling hot Sunday. We surely ought to give some latitude to the stranger within our gates and to others not possessing the advantages of the householder. It would be a monstrous cruelty to assert that through the length and breadth of Toronto a refreshing draft is not to be had at any price by man, woman or child, no matter what the weather conditions may be. I greatly misjudge the public temper if the fanatics are permitted to push their ideas to the extreme limit they are endeavoring to set up. Toronto would not be a fit place for civilized people to live in if the small clique who dominate the Lord's Day Alliance were permitted to regulate everybody's morality in the manner proposed.

In this connection it is worthy of remark that the Morality Department, which seems to be one of the most grossly misnamed of all the departments of city government, is still resorting regularly to the spy system in order to obtain convictions against offenders. After the keel-hauling the Morality Department received not long since at the hands of some of the High Court judges, one would have naturally expected some modification of its methods. As remarked by Chief Justice Armour, it is a most improper proceeding to induce parties to commit breaches of the law in order that they may be punished for so doing. This is the method, however, we have seen applied in the attempt to suppress fortune-telling, the sale of cigarettes to children, and now also to the sale of soft drinks on Sunday. And in using the professional informer as the instrument of alleged moral reform, the police have apparently the unqualified approval of the people who run the Lord's Day Alliance and the other institutions for regulating their neighbors' conduct. I have asked before why none of these associations stirred hand or foot to suppress the grossly improper shows put on at the Royal Theater while that building was the property of the Police Benefit Fund. How did it chance that no plain-clothes officers of the squad who are now trapping the sellers of Sunday soda water were detailed to watch the demoralizing performances that ran week after week and month after month with impunity in the low resort in Temperance street? A thoroughly healthy public sentiment, such as the Lord's Day Alliance might be expected to cultivate in Toronto, would demand that the Morality Department should extend its attention to such infringements of the law on at least the same terms as applied to the suppression of the harmless Sunday soda water and ice cream.

#### A Creditable Number.

The Woodstock "Sentinel-Review" published a highly creditable illustrated edition in honor of the inauguration of that city and in connection with the Oxford Old Boys' celebration. The number comprised forty-five pages exclusive of cover, and was printed on heavy glazed paper with a wealth of illustrative and literary material, having to do with historical and contemporary subjects. The interesting picture on the front page is from this edition of the "Sentinel-Review."

#### Social and Personal.

ON Monday evening the anticipated record night both for smartness and number of guests was enjoyed at the Yacht Club Island house. The balcony and the members' dining-room were filled with dinner parties, large, small and medium sized. The lovely evening made the balcony an ideal spot for a dinner, and everyone very much enjoyed the same. A jolly group was gathered about a cosy table where Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Gladys Nordheimer, Mr. Harman and Mr. Burton Holland. A trio of young yachtsmen had the adjoining small table. The honorary secretary gave a nice little dinner for the Misses Evans and their cousin, Miss Milburn, who is visiting them. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chandler had another small party. A quartette of men, grass widowers and bachelors, had a jolly table on the west side. Senator Melvin-Jones, Colonel Buchan, Mr. Turner, Mr. Crowther, Captain Wyatt, were among the diners. Mr. and Mrs. Warwick also had a little dinner, at which an Ottawa girl, Miss Murphy, looked very smart. Others dined up and down stairs, and at 8:15 the "Hiawatha" began to bring over the dancing set, who turned out in most charming gowns, rather more elaborate than one usually sees at a bayside dance. A number of pretty Americans were on hand, facile princes being Mrs. Law, a cultured Southerner who was brought over by a tall and talented Toronto musician, Miss Hilda Davis, who wished her guest to see one of our prettiest summer functions. Mr.

Gerald Wade brought his pretty little bride, who has been made much of at all the summer dances. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Campbell were among the Island guests. Mrs. Charles Fuller brought her daughters and their guest, Miss Hiam of Montreal. Mr. Henry Duck was with a tall, graceful lady, his sister-in-law, I am told, Mrs. George Duck. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Duggan were among the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham dined and danced at the Club. The young wife was lovely in a pink muslin frock. Mrs. Gordon Osler wore a mauve costume relieved with cream. Mrs. Fraser Macdonald wore a filmy lace gown over white glaze silk with embroidery in faint-tinted silk on the bodice, and a white hat. Miss Nordheimer wore a very dainty little white frock with lace and embroidery. Miss Marion Barker wore a spotless blue costume of pique, and necktie and hat-band of palest blue. Miss Vera Morgan wore an accordion white frock with maize blouse. Miss Edith Harman, Miss Daisy McMurray, Miss Muriel Massey, Miss Allayne Jones, the Misses Lamont, Miss Grace Hogaboom, the Misses Falconbridge, Miss Croil and Miss Stout, two perfect Hebes; Miss Brodie, who dances so gracefully; the Misses Graeme and Mildred Stewart, Miss Leila McDonnell in a becoming gown, Miss Ida Smith, Miss Laura Gale, Miss France, who is visiting friends in St. George street; Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss Brouse in a very pretty white frock touched with scarlet, the Misses McArthur of Bloor street, Miss Heron, Miss Hughes, Miss McWilliams, Miss Beatrice Pearson, the Misses Evans, Miss Milburn, Miss Emelie Patterson, Miss Valda Smith, Mrs. and Miss Lukes, Miss Sloane, were a few of the ladies present, while among the men were Mr. Ed Stanton, Captain Wyatt, Mr. Art Ritchie, Mr. Wisner, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. Grubbe, Mr. J. Foy, Mr. Duncan Lamont, Mr. Will Lamont, Mr. Stan Sweatman, Mr. Temple McMurrich, Mr. Harry Patterson, Mr. Worts Smart, Mr. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. Sears, Mr. Ardagh, Mr. Howard Douglas, Mr. Arthur Wilson, Mr. Reid.

The following Canadians have registered at the Canadian Government office, London: Mr. C. S. Wilkie, Mr. Reginald H. M. Temple, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Miss Florence Cawthra, Mrs. J. J. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Master Gordon Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Scott, Miss E. M. Russell, Mr. A. J. Boyd, Mr. Hugh Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. A. Edmond Murray, Mr. D. Taylor McIntosh, Mr. George Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh, and Mrs. Wilkie, all of Toronto.

Miss Florrie Scarth went last week to Muskoka to visit Mrs. E. B. Osler at Beechcroft. The Dean of Trinity and Mrs. Rigby have gone to England. The Misses Cosby of Maplehurst are summering at Hamilton's Point, Muskoka. Mrs. G. R. Cockburn went to her Muskoka summer residence last week.

Mrs. Lee and Miss Mabel Lee have returned from a very delightful visit to Buffalo and its Exposition.

Miss Graeme and Miss Mildred Stewart are leaving today for a visit to their uncle, the rector of Bath, Maine, where they will spend the hot weather. Mr. Stewart is a twin brother of the late A. D. Stewart, and the Misses Stewart are sure to enjoy their visit greatly.

Mrs. W. D. Matthews, her two daughters and son, sailed for England this week, to be absent for a couple of months.

The Postmaster-General, Mrs. Mulock and Mr. Cawthra Mulock, are in England on their way home to Toronto. It has been a matter of much commiseration that the honorable gentleman has had the disagreeable experience which often attends a rheumatic affection, of having the sea air act as a provocative of much pain. Mr. Mulock was simply hors de combat at Melbourne, and went from the ship to the hospital. He has since suffered a good deal, but perhaps his native air won't be a bad restorative. By the way, I notice that in speaking of the Mulock party en voyage, some writers still apply the juvenile "Master" to the son of the Postmaster-General. As young Cawthra Mulock is in his twentieth year and a big, strapping young fellow, he may not quite pose as a Fauntleroy!

The Argonaut eight are declared to be the "very best ever," and high hopes are entertained of their probable success at Philadelphia. They are a good lot, full of grit and power. Among them is "good old Jimmy" Mason, not a bit the worse for his Transvaal experience, and willing to strain the last muscle to beat the Quakers. It has been noted elsewhere that Colonel and Mrs. Mason are summering at the Island. As a matter of fact, they are, and have been for some time, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and I hope to chronicle that the change has done a lot for Mrs. Mason, who has been far from well.

Mr. Herbert Fortier, who has been suffering from a lovely attack of pox (chicken, not small), and went to the Isolation Hospital as soon as he was taken ill, is now quite well again. He is, I believe, coming home to-day. Mr. Fortier has quite enjoyed his voluntary visit to the Isolation Hospital, where he has spent most of the time "en plein air," and where, he assures me, he is splendidly treated. Certainly the hospital has every advantage of situation and excellent system to reconcile "les detenus" to their residence within its precincts.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and their children and Miss Margaret Thomson are at Hanlan's Hotel for a short residence during alterations and improvements to their home in Huron street.

Mrs. Guthrie of Guelph is again visiting Mrs. Melvin-Jones of Lawhead. Mrs. Guthrie was on Monday evening the guest of honor at a pretty dinner at the Hunt Club. She also made a short visit this week to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jim Scott, and returned to Lawhead, where, I am told, she remains until early next week.

Mrs. Cross of Walmer Road and the Misses Cross are spending the summer at Ferndale, Muskoka.

A very large number of diners went out to the Hunt Club on Saturday evening and enjoyed the cool, fresh loveliness of the ideal resort very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sanford of Newcastle spent a short visit in town last week. Mrs. Sanford looked radiant at Chudleigh and at the Hunt Club, and everyone was delighted to welcome her back to Toronto again.

Miss McMillan of Oshawa is visiting Mrs. Phillips of Grenville street. Mr. and Mrs. Warwick and Miss Warwick of Sunningholm leave next week for Burlington, where they will spend the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston and Miss Johnston have gone to Allandale for the summer. Professor and Mrs. Baker have gone to Lake Rousseau for the vacation.

The jolliest possible little sailing party meandered about the bay and circumnavigated the Island in the pretty new boat of the Brothers Clark on Wednesday evening, as the guests of the gentlemen of Center Island. The leading spirits of the affair were Mr. Edwin Pearson and Mr. A. R. Denison, who decorated the steamer with many colored lanterns and the cabin with Union Jacks, and in general looked after about a hundred guests. About ten o'clock ice cream and lemonade and cake were served from a table in the extreme bow, and during the entire trip an orchestra played songs and selections, which on every possible occasion the company sang with them. It was indeed a jolly run, and when shortly after ten the steamer called at the Argonauts' dock to let some of the passengers join the dance, applause greeted her smart appearance, and was returned by three hearty cheers for the Argonauts by the excursionists. The boat looks very nice indeed without and within, and is the only ferry on the bay of which the cabin

is upholstered. Among the sailing party were Mr. and Miss Lukes, Mrs. A. R. and Miss Cecil Denison, Mrs. and Miss Madeline Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Spence, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Manly, Mrs. and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Miss Sauter, Mr. and Mrs. Kearns, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Will Lamont, Mr. and Mrs. Smellie.

Mr. A. Boddy is being congratulated since he was gazetted to a commission in the Imperial Police Force on the African coast. Some time ago Mr. Boddy applied for one of the commissions offered to Canadians, and being extra well fitted for the post has fortunately been chosen. Many good wishes will go with Mr. Boddy to the Dark Continent. Mrs. Lapham is on a visit to her parents, Archdeacon and Mrs. Boddy.

Registrar Anderson of Arthur and his wife went through the city on Tuesday to attend the wedding of Mrs. Anderson's niece, Miss Rolls, at Detroit.

Miss Ethel Anderson of Arthur and Miss Rutter of Toronto are guests of Mrs. L. H. Merton at her house party, which it is proposed to make a record affair for Oshawa.

Last Friday afternoon the world and his wife went to Chudleigh, where the master of the house had arranged a very delightful afternoon tea, and where he welcomed his friends with the simple cordiality which is his happy manner. Mr. Beardmore's house party included Miss Beardmore and Miss Moule, during whose absence in Ottawa the cards for the tea were sent out, and Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson, who spent a short time in Toronto en route to the Georgian Bay, where, I am told, they have taken a houseboat for July and August. The grounds in rear of the big house in Beverley street are spacious and very pretty with vines and flowers, and although the afternoon was rather dubious after a wretched morning, it cleared up in time, and remained dry until late in the evening. Although so many persons have gone away for the season, there were still enough of the smart set left to make a large party, and many charming visitors in town swelled the list.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black have been reported on their summer vacation so many times by the newsmongers that it is really news to remark that they only left town at 1.30 on Thursday last for a trip to the West Coast. The dignified and scholarly clergyman and his beautiful wife expect much enjoyment on their first exploration of the West, both being true lovers of nature and her many wonders.

Mrs. J. C. Macdougall and her manly little sons left for Muskoka last Friday, a most forbidding day to start on a vacation holiday, but summer rains are happily brief. Mrs. Macdougall is, I understand, visiting her sister, Mrs. Brough, who has already been some time in Muskoka.

Lady Meredith has gone to the Maine Coast this week for her usual summer sojourn. Sir William Meredith spent all last week at the Welland, St. Catharines, where he derived much benefit from saline baths and massage.

Mrs. Walter Beardmore has been laid up with a cold for some weeks, but is now out again and quite better.

Captain Gooderham was taken quite ill with appendicitis, and on Monday was operated on at the General Hospital, and is now recovering. Mrs. Gooderham and her family are, as usual, at the Island, and many enquiries are made by friends of the stalwart young captain as to his progress in convalescence.

Mr. Gordon Mortimer Clark is on the West Coast, enjoying a holiday after his success in attaining his barrister's gown. He has visited Mrs. Ivan Senkler, and found her most charmingly situated. She and the doctor are very happy in their Western home.

The strikers have delayed several intending tourists from Toronto, but most of them are now definitely arranging to start for the West Coast or more adjacent points. I am told Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and their daughters will not go to Cushing's Island next week, but will start later on. Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald have returned from their honeymoon. They have taken the Beau Jarvis's house in North Huntley street for a short term.

The Argonaut club-house was never a more desirable rendezvous than last Wednesday evening, when the first evening hop was held. There were not a great many present, but to the lesser number was accorded a perfect evening, and the young folks were not slow to appreciate the added delight of room for a good two-step, instead of the elbow-to-elbow conditions of the usual summer dance. Those who did not turn up in answer to the club's announcement decidedly missed it. The music was extra good, with an emphasis on the extra, a fine pianist and a lot of new dances being added to the usual orchestra and programme, of which latter the boys and girls say a change is "very much appreciated." To the new tunes they danced on a perfect floor, and between whiles sought the wide verandahs or the roof for a quiet tete-a-tete, or cooled off on very nice ice cream and other grateful summer refreshments. Mr. Don Bremner, the secretary, was very good to the guests and looked after them capitally. Owing to his recent bereavement, Mr. Percy Galt of course was absent, and owing to the lateness of the season many of the Argonauts' best friends were off to the sea or the lake districts on their summer holiday. Among the guests I noticed Mrs. A. D. Stewart and Miss Mildred Stewart, Mr. Beryl Stewart, Miss Nonie Crozier, Mrs. and Miss J. Frances Byford, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Fuller and her bright guest, Miss Hiam of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Massey, Mr. Will Lamont, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. Frank McLean, Miss Warwick of Sunningholm, Miss Townsend, Miss Hill, Miss Elsie Helliwell, Mrs. Hewes Oliphant, Miss Dot Stout, the Misses McArthur of Bloor street, Miss Edith McArthur, Miss Helen Douglas, Miss Goldman, Miss Proctor, Miss Frazee, Miss Taylor, Miss Ellis, Miss Greene, Miss Nellie White, Captain Mason, Captain Barker, Mr. Harold Muntz, Mr. Parmenter, Mr. C. F. Pentland, who was a very popular honorary secretary for the dance. Among the many bright and pretty girls, three particularly struck me, Miss Warwick, in a lovely airy gown of shell pink mousseline; Miss Nonie Crozier, in black, relieved with insertions of lace, and Miss Dot Stout, in white muslin dotted with black and very daintily frilled, and a huge hat of white and black with large white roses resting on the wide flap. The dance was early, lasting from eight to eleven-thirty. If the Argonauts decide to continue these dances, the young people should make a note of it.

#### German Epitaphs.

Here are some gems of wit and humor—intentional or unconscious—collected from German and Austrian cemeteries and published in the Vienna "Freie Presse":

"An angel has flown to heaven; her earthly shell remains." Nothing is dead except the happiness of her parents.

On a carter, killed in a runaway: "The road to eternity is not long. He started at seven o'clock and arrived at eight."

On a man of letters: "Here lies the best man in the world. He deprived himself of sleep to bestow it upon others."

A tomb in a rural cemetery bears a bas-relief depicting a peasant impaled on the horns of a bull. Below is the inscription: "It was a bull's horn that sent me to heaven. I died in a moment, leaving wife and child. Oh, bull, bull! To think that I owe to you everlasting repose!"



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1 quart blackberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup ice water, or chopped ice, 6 Shredded Wheat Biscuits. Wash and pick over the berries, crush 1 of them, add the sugar and ice water, set in cool place 1 with a sharp pointed knife an oblong cavity in the top of the biscuit about 1 inch from sides and end; carefully remove the top and all inside shreds, making a basket. Fill with the crushed berries, letting the syrup saturate the biscuit. Put the whole berries on top, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve with cream. Raspberries, strawberries, bananas may be prepared in the same way. Blueberries may be used without crushing. Pineapple, peaches or cantaloupe may also be used, paring and cutting fine with silver knife, using same proportions of sugar and water.

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## Social and Personal.

**T**HE first reunion of the I.A.A.A. took place with great éclat at the Assembly Hall at Center Island last week. To say it was numerous attended does not do it justice. It was crowded, and with a very nice lot of people, most of whom are Island residents, though Island costume, so far as the fair sex was concerned, was not the rule. Very pretty frocks of mousseline, silk and organdie with lace were generally worn. The music and floor were excellent, and the dancers, from the oldest to the small girl in red, kept it up in most hearty fashion. This dance was by invitation from the committee, but the tickets of membership will be ready for subsequent dances, and a successful season is "fait accompli." The chaperones were in their usual good humor, the hall was beautifully decorated (a la Japan), and even the vestibule was gorgeous with Jap "brawleys," flags, lanterns and bunting. Several improvements have been made by the Islanders, and as this Association and its hops and sports are peculiarly theirs they take great pride and pleasure in doing them well. So many bright people are over there this season that the dances should be extra successful and pleasant. Space does not permit of a complete list of the guests.

The lawn tennis tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake is the event of interest this week. The exquisitely-cared-for green of the court and encircling terrace at the Queen's has never looked better nor been in more perfect condition. Quite a large number are spending a while on the way to the Buffalo Fair at this comfortable and charming summer hotel.

If ease is desirable and an hour more en route not to be objected to, the most restful way to go to the Buffalo Fair is to take the boat across the lake, either to St. Catharines or Lewiston, and from either port the trolley to the Fair. The trolley ride through the garden of Canada from St. Kitts to the Falls, via the Canadian trolley, along the edge of the river and across Suspension Bridge, either to directly connect with a like transport to the Fair or to catch a train to Buffalo, is simply a delight. The air is heavy with perfume of sweet clover, lime trees and new-made hay, and the splendid cars from St. Catharines are open and cool.

Mrs. and Miss Louie Jones and little Miss Gladys Dixon left this week for the Georgian Bay, and may decide to spend some time in the North, should they find attractive quarters. Miss Muriel Temple Dixon is resting in Toronto, after a busy season in New York. I hear that Miss Temple Dixon is to be one of the efficient staff to be connected with Miss Dallas' new school for girls, and, judging by her success with her pupils, who have always been devoted to her, she will be a valuable acquisition.

A ladies' shoe-shine parlor in 106 King street west is a new departure, and no longer will the dainty woman either have to go about with smudgy shoes, after some wayside splashing, or make herself over-conspicuous by occupying a "shine-seat" in some public parlor. She can visit the private shoe-shine and be made trim and neat and radiant in the one particular which so many women neglect—her footgear. It is calculated that ninety per cent. of the women one sees down town would look smarter with properly shined shoes, and that in this detail men almost invariably "outdress" them.

"Saturday Night" is indebted to Mr. George H. Grundy, now traveling in Australia, for copies of the "Australasian" and the Brisbane "Courier," containing accounts of the festivities attending the visit of the Royal Duke and Duchess.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald of Cona Lodge and their family left on Thursday for Loch Helen, Gorge Bay, where they usually spend the summer, and where they have a delightful home. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald will join them next Thursday for a holiday in Georgian Bay.

One of the jolliest camping parties to be found in Muskoka this season is that chaperoned by Mrs. Watt of Wellington place, Toronto. The campers, Misses Zedie Watt, Thella Carmichael, Ethel Campbell (who returned from Switzerland just in time to join them), Teddy Devine, and Messrs. Armour, Lorne Campbell and Stephen Dawson, are all of Toronto. Their tents, hammocks and gaily flying flags at Cole's Landing, just above Point Sandfield, seem to be known far and near, and their rocky promontory is a rendezvous for many Canadian and United States visitors in that vicinity.

Last Friday, July 5, a very nice tea was given by Miss Maud Hirschfelder to a number of ladies, who were charmed to meet Mrs. Gondeve of Ottawa, a very popular little lady, now on a short visit to her father, Professor Hirschfelder of Maple avenue, and who is accompanied by her slim young son, whose sister she has more than once been supposed to be. Mrs. Gondeve wore a very dainty little dove-gray gown, opening over a soft vest of shell pink. Miss Hirschfelder was also very prettily gowned, as she always is. The tea-table was set in the dining-room, opening on the brilliant little conservatory, and Miss Jarvis was the graceful presiding lady. As most of the company were Rosedale residents, very friendly and cheery greetings were heard everywhere. The big tea at Chudleigh kept many of the guests rather later in arriving than usual, but they turned up to see the end of one of the jolliest little teas of the summer. The dear great-grandfather, Professor Hirschfelder, discreetly kept down town until long after six, but was captured by the last lingerers and scolded for his defection. A few of the guests were Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. J. Mackenzie, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. and the Misses Fuller, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Rowan Kertland, Miss George, Mrs.

McLean Howard, Miss McLean Howard, Miss Hiam of Montreal.

Mrs. Ewart of Montreal, with her bright and clever little daughter, has been on a visit to Mrs. Vickers, her mother, and has returned home, taking in the Pan-American Exhibition en route.

A very pretty wedding took place at Stayner on Saturday, June 23, at half-past four, in the Methodist Church, when Miss Emma E. Taylor, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Taylor, was married to Mr. Albert Carman Campbell, eldest son of the late Rev. James A. Campbell of Port Hope. The bride wore a pretty gown of white silk organdie over white silk, with veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Ethel Klink of Toronto and Miss Maud Taylor, sister of the bride, and wore white organdie and large white picture hats, and carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride's little sister, Rosena May, was flower-girl, frocked in white muslin, and carried a basket of flowers. The groomsmen were Trooper James S. Taylor of Toronto. The ushers were Mr. Frank V. Slemin of Toronto and Mr. Fred Taylor, brother of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, where the young couple received congratulations and a large number of handsome presents, some of which were from Ottawa, Winnipeg, Orillia, Port Hope, and other places. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left on the evening train north. After their return they will reside in Toronto. The bride's going-away gown was of navy blue cloth, with Eton coat, trimmed with Battenburg lace, and she wore a small chiffon hat to match.

Among recent guests at the Welland, St. Catharines, have been Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Fleming, Sir William Howard, Mrs. Parker, Mr. R. G. Parker, Mrs. Boswell, Mr. H. Bourlier, Mr. Harry Bourlier, Mr. E. Monck, Sir W. R. Meredith, Dr. J. D. Thorburn, Dr. R. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Masters, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land of Toronto; Mrs. L. Slater, Miss Slater of New York; Mrs. F. W. Griswold, Mrs. K. L. G. Deatherage of New Orleans, Mr. and Mrs. James Nell of Wheeling, Va., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Biddel of Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lawson of Chesterville, Miss Maule, Miss Burford of Texas, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Bumstead of Jersey City, Miss Cruse of Cobourg, Mrs. McKeggie of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Herbert of Helmetta, N.J., Mr. and Mrs. August Blum and children of Chicago.

Mr. J. J. Kelso returned from the South this week with a charming bride, the wedding having taken place on June 25, under the happiest auspices. Mr. and Mrs. Kelso will reside at Long Branch for the summer months.

Professor and Mrs. J. Gibson Hume of the University of Toronto are spending the summer months with their little family on the delightful shores of Lake Simcoe, at Shanty Bay.

Miss Maud C. Chappell of Sherbourne street is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Chappell at Swiss Cottage, Seabright, New Jersey.

Miss Gibbins of London, Miss McEwen and Master St. Claire McEwen of Detroit are guests of Mrs. H. D. Arnold, Highview, Collingwood.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Downes and the Misses Downes of 245 Wellesley street are summering at Hotel Manitou, Manitowaning, Manitoulin Islands.

Miss Dean of Moodie Cottage, Belleville, has returned home, after a pleasant visit of several weeks to Miss Rosaline Webb of Inglewood.

## Breaking Down the Barrier.

**P**EOPLE in France like to say that it was Madame Sarah Bernhardt who succeeded in breaking the wall of ice which separated the theatrical world from the English aristocracy. As a matter of fact, she had a very illustrious predecessor in the person of Mlle. Mars, the famous tragedienne, who managed to get the best of no less a personage than the old Duke of Westminster. During one of her visits to London the Duke, who wished to give a treat to his friends, sent invitations all round, and then requested Mlle. Mars to come and play at his house before numerous members of the royal family and a host of illustrious personages, offering her at the same time a large sum of money. To this request Mlle. Mars did not reply.

Feeling uneasy at her silence, His Grace sent a messenger to the actress with a note. But she could not read a word of it, the handwriting being quite undecipherable. Then the Duke despatched his son, who after many difficulties, was at last shown into the bedroom of the tragedienne, where he found her in bed playing with a dog and cat among cups and saucers. The young lord delivered his father's message, urging Mlle. Mars to give him a favorable answer at once, as the Duke was nearly mad with excitement, having promised her to his guests. "That's it," said Mlle. Mars. "Your father has counted his chickens before they were hatched. Well, I will go, because, after all, he is too old to be taught the 'galanterie française' and the proper way to talk to Mlle. Mars."

On the evening of the party she arrived early, so as to see how they had arranged things for her. The Duke and his guests were still at dinner. "Let me see the concert-room," said Mlle. Mars. A lacquey opened the doors for her, and she threw a critical eye round the place. "What's that?" she suddenly asked, seeing a thick rope of silk between the first rows of armchairs and the low platform, while a few stools were scattered about in the spaces. "I'm sure, madam, I don't know," answered the man. "Go and fetch your master." "Impossible! His Grace is still at table." "Go!" said Mlle. Mars, stretching her arm with

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Ladies' Patent Kid Boots, \$3.50 to 5.00  
Men's Patent Leather Boots, \$3.50 to 4.50  
Men's Patent Kid Boots, \$5.50 to 6.00

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a queenly gesture, "or I'm off. I don't like the look of this rope."

The valet obeyed, and five minutes later the Duke appeared. "Mlle. Mars," asked Mlle. Mars, "what is the use of that rope, if you please?" The Duke coughed uneasily. "Madam," he said, somewhat demurely, "it is there to set apart a place between us and the platform, for you and for your friends."

"Us? Who are us?" cried Mlle. Mars, impetuously. "And why apart? Cut that rope, Mlle. Mars; pray cut it, or I shall put myself so very much apart that none of us will have the chance of hearing Mlle. Mars to-night." The old Duke grunted, but he made a sign to one of his men, who removed the rope.

This simple caprice of a wilful actress had much greater consequences than one would have expected, for since that day lords and ladies, and even sovereigns of England, have associated more freely with theatrical people.

## His Scheme Paid.

An enterprising hotel-keeper hit on a clever scheme to increase the popularity of his house. He engaged a gentlemanly detective to stay at the hotel for the sole purpose of listening to the complaints of visitors. The visitor, of course, imagined he was a fellow-guest. The detective would lead the conversation to the merits or demerits of the hotel, and if a man complained of his accommodations the complaint was soon reported to the landlord. If a guest complained that he liked to sleep late in the morning, and could not do it because he had a room with an eastern exposure, the detective would report it to the landlord. Later the landlord would say to the guest: "Do you like to sleep late in the morning? If so, the sun in the room you now occupy must disturb you. I will give you a better room on the north side of the house." That made the guest a friend of the house for life. This detective found out what particular dishes the guests enjoyed, and all their hobbies and notions and likes and dislikes, and the landlord acted on this information. It paid so well that the house was always full.

## A Clever Swindle.

An amusing scene was witnessed recently on one of the mail boats running from France to England. The sea was rather rough. A young woman, pretty and nicely dressed, appeared to be suddenly taken very ill with seasickness. She groaned and screamed in apparent agony for some little time. At length a person who appeared to be a stranger to her approached and asked whether she would like to take a lozenge, which he guaranteed would ease her of her pain. He had often tried it, he said, on people, and always with the most marvellous results. The young lady demurred a little at first, but finally accepted the offer. Never was cure so instantaneous. Hardly

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had she swallowed the lozenge when the fair patient was sitting up all smiles and ordering ham sandwiches of the steward. Some passengers were so struck with the incident that they inquired what was the remedy that had such a wonderful result, and the gentleman, who, as he said, was the agent for the sale of the lozenges, disposed of a considerable number of boxes of them at eight shillings apiece. What was the surprise of the purchasers when they saw the young lady and her preserver go off arm in arm on the vessel reaching England! The boxes contained common jujubes.

**A Crisis in the Schoolroom.**

The inspector of schools in a country district, being in a hurry to catch a train, stood in the doorway and endeavored to give out dictation to one class and at the same time to give a sum to another class, jerking out the words a few at a time alternately.

This was the sum: "If a couple of fat ducks cost four dollars and a half, how many can be got for twenty-one dollars and thirty-five cents?"

And this was the other dictation: "Now as a lion prowling about in search," and so forth.

Naturally enough the poor children, unaccustomed to such hurried dictation, heard both, and were sadly mixed. One girl's dictation began: "Now a couple of ducks, prowling about in search of a lion who had lost four dollars and fifty cents."

And the small boy in the school-room vainly endeavored to solve the mysteries of this extraordinary sum: "If seventy-two couples of fat lions cost four dollars and a half, how much prowling could be got for twenty-one dollars and thirty-five cents?"

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## The Horror of Three Sandals



### A Man's Plot and a Woman's Passion

By CHAS. FLETCHER EMBREE.

THE old sluggish monster of revolution, long since drugged to sleep, sometimes stirs, its movements are dream-like, convulsions are harmless. It is merely the habit of the dead past, when Diaz was not yet Power, which causes the beast to heave its lethargic sighs and open up, from time to time, a red orb devoid of meaning.

Up over the Cuernavaca railroad comes now the military detachment lately sent into Guerrero. The little company sits dinner by the Cuernavaca station. Five lank soldiers in sandals sit at a distance on the ground; and, whereas all the others are gay, these five sit depressed with gloom, recalling a strange thing.

The heart of Guerrero, state of golden miracles, is not yet opened to the world. Mountains and mysteries shut it away from modern life. Away down south, two hundred miles from the railroad, is the town of Three Sandals. Into it came, five years ago, an "American" named Sturge. He bought a mine and worked it all alone, and they said he stacked up gold in an adobe house as high as the roof. He was tall, with silken beard, feline grace, mild, deep, unreal eyes. Gold turned his head; gold made his house an empire, Three Sandals the center of the universe. He dreamed of severing this southern land from Mexico, and insane ideas of a monarchy came to him.

The chief of police was fat and flabby, and often full of pulque. He lived in a large house on the plaza by the palms. His sister was a beauty, aged nineteen, named Otilla.

"Otilla, I call you a failure," complained the chief, drinking three quarts of pulque in the patio, while she lounged languid under those enormous yellow flowers called "cups-of-gold." "Manjarrez killed himself for you. Elias slew Negrete for you. Olivares robbed the hacienda to buy you a ruby, and was shot. The governor at Chilpancingo made a fool of himself for you. Bah! what good is all this if you cannot find out the revolutionary schemes of that cursed 'American' and save my reputation? I want to kill him, and, alas!—with a comic shrug, spilling pulque—"there is no way."

"Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe, my love," said she, with a smile. "But—the shadow of an excuse! I know he plots, but never a finger can I lay on him. Make him fall in love with you, witch; worm it out of him. Our reputation is at stake."

She dreamed, lying there graceful, beautiful, mischief in her languid eye. "I will," she said, and plucked a cup-of-gold, and buried her flushed face therein.

She was shrewd. She was not of the dashing type. She was leisurely reserved. She had watched Sturge for months. She knew him slightly; she had smiled at him. Into her deep thinking came the knowledge that there was something of the mystic in his nature, that mystery might win him where other means would fail.

Every evening at six she wrapped herself in a black rebozo so that eyes glowing and portions of a face artificially pale were seen beneath lustrous hair. Then, solemn, sad, a moving statue, she walked to and fro, to and fro, before the "American's" house. When he stood in the door stroking his silken beard and gazed on her, she nodded slowly, as though unseeing, and sighed a heavy sigh. At dusk, having walked to and fro for an hour, she sighed more heavily still and went away.

After one week of this mystery, the form of Otilla began to haunt him. She was very beautiful, said he. There were lurking in her eyes vast dreams, restlessness, towering ambitions—ah! like his own, like his own. He tossed in the night, somehow drawn to her. After all, was it good to be lonely? With such a mate to what grand heights might any man not soar? So, from seeing her by chance, he came to watch for her, and when she passed his hand was frozen on his beard, or burned with fire that ran in all his blood. Meanwhile a plan to overthrow the town's authorities, to gather men, to march on Chilpancingo, took form. Two officers nearest the person of the chief were Sturge's fellow-plotters.

On the eighth evening of this moving to and fro, wrapped in mystery, she let her rebozo waver a little wider open. He was devouring her with his eyes. He was like a god, strong and full of grace. Her sweet lips were pinkish; her neck was white. She sighed, but she looked on him with quick flames bursting from her eyes. The street was lonely. He stepped out and laid his exceedingly long slim fingers on her arm. She paused, and they gazed at one another.

"Otilla, some dread thing haunts you."

"Yes, señor." Her eyes were down.

"Otilla, a great weight is on your heart. I am one used to speaking out. When God puts fire into a man's heart, the man should never hide it, lest it burn him. Otilla, I seem to see myself in your eyes. Heart of my heart, I love you."

She, exceedingly white, raised her eyes just enough to see his chin; and,

with a startling mixture of mischief and emotional upheaving, she remembered her words: "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard, Pepe."

He kissed her as the dusk came. She went home, bewildered to find that her eyes seemed blind. When she put her rebozo to them it came away wet. She walked stately, looking at all the low, barred windows. She entered her brother's patio and sat down under the great cups-of-gold. At supper she could not eat. In bed she could not sleep. In the night her little bare feet went softly up and down the room. In the morning she was afraid of herself, something within her heart scared her so.

The love passage thus began, and Otilla, in winning him, had lost herself. Ah, his god-like form, his foreign strength, his whiteness! She loved him. The same old difference between so many loves characterized these. The man's vast schemes were mightier than his love. The woman's love was mightier than all else.

At the edge of the town was a deserted alameda full of mango-trees. Here were aged stone benches seldom used. Here the shade was like dusk at noon, like midnight at dusk. Here they met, evening after evening, she falling panting into his arms, he gazing at her scarcely seen face with hungry eyes.

"You are incarnate truth," he said. Blood flew to her face; her brain seemed drowned. "Yet—I was false."

"What bad jest is this?"

She lay trembling. Somehow a fear entered him.

"Speak!" he cried, almost letting her from him.

"I—I plotted against you."

"How—is it a lie?"

"Oh, my soul's soul! I set about to win you, instigated by my brother, that I might learn your plan of revolution, and conquer you and bring you to death. Crush me if you must—thus have I lost myself—thus have you overthrown me!"

He let her fall on the old stone bench. The shade of the mango-trees was deep. He stood a little way off, tall and still, and looked at her. Just here the revolution came; for gold had made him insane with dreams. His love was second to his plot. Distrust sank deep in him. He felt himself betrayed. Cold drops were on his forehead. He had walked as in a deep gold mist. He gazed on this girl. She was incarnate treason; his love for her was turned to fear.

Wounded, ignoble, but grand with rage, he turned, and she was left alone. After that he smiled at her no more, nor looked at her. He dared not flee; that were confession and meant death. He dared not prolong delay.

He had groped her way home from the mango-grove. Though she was sweet and leisurely and shrewd, she had in her that fuel which, touched with fire, burns on to vengeance. But she was sad; and it seemed some self-mercilessly drove her on to the revenge which her better nature did not want. She wept, and grew thin in three days miraculously. Sometimes she joked with herself even yet, in manner ghastly. "Hang him by his sweet, soft beard," murmured she in her night-dreams, and she saw his head, in visions, hung thus, horrible.

The first night of their estrangement, the fat, pulque-drinking chief found letters at the home of one of his subordinates. They incriminated the subordinate, who was arrested and put

### New Husband.

Quite an improvement on the old.

"I have been compelled to stop drinking it," I said to the friend who asked me to strengthen up on a cup of her good coffee. "Well," she said, "that needn't bother you, for I have Postum Food Coffee here, which completely cured a friend of mine of sick headaches." I tried her coffee and it was very good, but when I tried to make it at home, I was disappointed. I soon found that I was not making it correctly, but by putting in two heaping teaspoonfuls of Postum for each person and letting it boil twenty minutes, it was delicious.

I had at that time been an invalid for several years, but did not know my trouble was caused by coffee-drinking, of which I was very fond. I immediately began to feel better after leaving off coffee and using Postum, and stuck to it. One day I met a lady who was troubled the same as I was, and whose appearance on the street really shocked me, for she was so emaciated. She exclaimed in surprise at my improved appearance, and wanted to know what I had been doing. She asked me if I had had a healer of my kind. I said, "Yes, I have allowed Postum Food Coffee to work the almost complete miracle of curing me."

My husband has been absent in Georgia for some time, and has been in wretched health, having been in the hospital twice for indigestion. I wrote him to stop using coffee and try Postum, told him also just how to make it. Yesterday I received a letter from him in which he says: "I am feeling very much better, thanks to you and Postum. I sleep better, eat better, and in fact, my dear, am quite an improvement on the old husband." Alice L. Gilson, 805 Park Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In the little adobe jail across the plaza. The chief strove in vain to find one word of those epistles which might give ground for the arrest of Sturge. But the "American's" tracks were yet covered. The chief shed maddening tears of exasperation.

The third night Otilla came knocking at his door at ten o'clock. She was admitted; the chief sitting in a gown on his bed's edge.

"The subordinate, the arrested one," said she, steady-voiced, "when is he to be shot?"

"At sunrise. I am writing the order for the soldiers who will arrive to-night. Oh, you failure!"

"Come, keep these railings for another. Give me the order, but leave the name a blank."

Her manner was cold, stern, and she was pale and sick.

"Why?" he growled.

"She put one hand on the foot-board and leaned close to him. 'I may do that which your secret soul longs for,' whispered she. 'Do I not know that it is his gold that you want? Think! They say it is stacked to the roof!'"

"But I should be called to account for a baseless execution, you fool!"

"I have a fading ink. I write the name and show it to the captain. He executes the order. The ink fades. You substitute the rightful name, and on the captain lies the blame."

He fell back in bed with a choking noise.

"It's on the table," he said, weakly. She brought him the blank. He filled it out—al save the name. She left him staring stupidly at her, and presently heard him call for three more quarts of pulque.

Otilla was not so villainous as she seemed. She was tottering. She had scarce an idea that she should execute so dreadful a plan. It was the warning between those two differing selves of hers that drove her on to make these preparations. In these ugly hours, too, was the playfulness yet alive in her. She thought that to threaten him, in play, with this ghastly thing would be sweet mischief's way to win him back. If he would but smile at her once more! And deep in her the other self said: "Kill!"

She could not rest. She wrapped herself in her black rebozo and went out. She walked by the jail and paused and scanned it. The plaza was dark and the palms rustled. She went down a street and sadly walked to and fro before the "American's" house, recalling the day he kissed her as the dusk came.

At times she thought that her memory drew her at length to the alameda, and beyond it. Under these trees had she rested in his arms. Beyond, where the fields were rocky—yonder in that lonely spot beside the gorge—was the tall iron post to which criminals were chained to be shot. Out of the mango-grove, out of the days of love, she might lead him here to this iron post—and her fingers held the paper of death. The night was very black. She shuddered.

Suddenly she heard a crying out. Women and men were shouting back there by the town. She walked in that direction. The shouting was increased, and there was a scurrying about near two thatched huts.

"The ants! The warrior ants!" was the shout.

She came nearer to a hut. Men in sandals went leaping with torches. There was a strange crackling in the thatches. Behold! the ground was black with marching millions. Scorpions, lizards, spiders, ran terror-stricken from the thatched roofs. The men were being pierced by thousands of unseen marauders. Human beings, seizing all things of value, fled crying into the night.

These ants march in terrible battalions. There is no way known to man to stop them. They have their officers. They select a goal. On they come, and all things flee before. A house is overrun. Every living thing, or piece of food, vanishes. All other insects are devoured. Men must absent themselves till the ants depart. Returning, all is bare. The army has conquered, devastated, passed on.

Fascinated, she stood with some sandaled laborers, who, on the outskirts of this scene of ruin, watched it by torchlight. "Where will they go next?" cried one. "Yonder, yonder, in this direction. See! The vanguard is already advancing thither!"

She beheld the leading battalion forming in fours, and heading away across the barren field. She looked up. A strange chill ran over her. That iron post, yonder by the gorge, stood in their track.

At midnight she passed Sturge's house, and he was going in. His door was open and a faint light shone on him. She paused, where he saw her. She looked at him, with her soul in her eyes, and he spurned her. Her bad self flamed up. She ran away, wild with hate. She stood a moment under the palms, and there a diabolic purpose came to her.

It had long been a custom in this district to lead the culprit out very early in the morning. Chained in darkness to the post he was confronted by a priest. The black hours dragged on, giving the criminal that most solemn season for repentance. Five soldiers and an officer were stationed near. When dawn came, and they could clearly see, they fired.

At eleven o'clock a detachment of soldiers had arrived. About one, Otilla came to the door of the decrepit barrack. The captain had orders to obey the chief of police. She came to him and said: "My brother is ill. His servants are sitting with him. So he sent me with this order."

She disappeared. The captain read the command for the immediate execution of one Sturge, "American."

A little later the unfortunate Anglo-Saxon schemer was seized in bed. They put on him clothes somewhat similar to those worn by runners in athletic contests, so that he was nearly naked. In the night they led him out and on through the black mango-grove. In that stony field by the gorge they chained him to a post. A priest came, was received with haughty contempt and went away. Well for the soldiers that they stood ten yards to the gorge's left. Thus did the flank of that black unseen army pass them by unharmed.

Silence, darkness, weird waiting for the dawn. The gold-maddened dreamer was a stoic. He was as iron as the post and chain. Out of the night shadows a ghost-voice called from yonder in the rocks:

"I can free you. I can yet free you. Tell me once more you love me, and life is yours."

He did not answer. The soldiers believed her crazy, or thought that St. Mary had come down.

"It is I who brought you here. Give me your heart, and it is I who shall take you away."

The night was yet black. He did not answer. What stoic, beyond man's dreams of stoicism, was that man of Anglo-Saxon blood! Ay, Indians can endure. Savages can suffer and emit no sound. But of all God's creatures there is none so strong as the Anglo-Saxon steeled to bear.

There was wild war in her. She had meant to torment him. She had not meant that he be shot. She could never consent to kill, her better self was too timid. But his spurning had crazed her. At dawn, she thought, sinking down on the rocks, she would confess the substituted name, release him. But the second self joyed in torture. The dawn came. Yes, the chained man's face began to show a little, white, out of the shadow. The captain formed his five men and bade them be ready. So the day thus slowly coming, they stood waiting till they could see; and he stood yonder, his arms chained high up on the post.

The minutes went by. The scene was wild and rocky. The east began to faintly glow. Strange—strange. As he appeared yet a little clearer—how still he stood—how white. Merciful hand of Mary! Is that hanging creature there a human being?

"Aim!" commanded the captain.

The guns were raised.

"A minute more and it will be light enough to see."

They waited. The light came rapidly. Behold! Suddenly the culprit seemed to start fully from the shadows. A second more and they would fire.

The guns fell. The men staggered. Horror chilled them. The face that looked on them was the face of a skull. The body that hung there by the chain was a clean, white skeleton. So terrible is the devastation of the warrior ant. So perfect is the labor of millions.

Stumbling away they found Otilla swooning on the rocks—"Argonaut."

### A Florida Night.

Win a-blowin' gentle so de san' lay low, San' a little heavy 'fom de rain, All de p'ms a-wavin' in a-weavin' slow, Sighin' lak a sinnah-soul in pain. Alligator grinnin' in de ol' laagoon, Stockin'-bird a-singin' to de big full moon, 'Skeeter go a-skimm'n' to his fightin' chine (Lizy Ann a-waitin' in de lane!)

Moccasin a-sleepin' in de cyprus swamp; Needn't wake de gent'man, not fu' me, Mule, you needn't wake him w'en you mule switch an' stomp, 'Fightin' off a 'skeeter er a flea.

Florida is lovely, she's de fines' lan' Evah seed de sunlight 'fom de Mastah's han', 'Ceptin' fu' de varmint an' huh fleas an' san' An' de nights w'en Lizy Ann ain' free.

Moon's a-kinder shadder on de melon patch; No one ain't a-watchin' ez I go, Climbin' de fence so's not to clik de latch, Meks my sittin' in a little slow, Watermelon smilin' as it say "I's free; Alligator boom'n', but I let him be, Florida, oh, Florida de lan' fu' me—(Lizy Ann a-singin' sweet an' low).

—Paul Laurence Dunbar in "Saturday Evening Post."

Mrs. W.—I didn't know that Mr. B. had a title. Mr. W.—Neither did I. What is it? Mrs. W.—Well, his servant says that everything comes addressed "James B., C. O. D."

First Office Boy—I've got sixteen aunts, two grandmothers and a great-grandmother. Second Office Boy—Geef! Wot a lot of ball games you oughter see dis summer.

### You Can Cure It.

#### A New Cure for Catarrh in Tablet Form.

The old time treatment for catarrh was in the form of douches or sprays; later on, internal remedies were given with greater success; but, being in liquid or powdered form, were inconvenient and were open to the same objection to all liquid remedies—that is, that they lose whatever medicinal power they may have had on exposure to the air.

The tablet is the ideal form in which to administer medication, but until recently no successful catarrh tablet had ever been attempted.

At this writing, however, a most excellent and palatable remedy for catarrh has been placed before the public and sold by druggists, called Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, composed of the most recent discoveries in medicines for the cure of catarrh, and results from their use have been highly gratifying.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets contain principally highly concentrated antiseptics, which kill the catarrh germs in the blood and mucous membranes, and in this respect are strictly scientific and modern, as it has been known for some years past by the ablest physicians that the most successful catarrh treatment was by inhaling or spraying antiseptics.

The use of inhalers, douches and sprays, however, is a nuisance and inconvenience, and, moreover, can in no wise compare with the same remedies given in tablet form, either in efficacy or convenience.



A clerk in a prominent insurance office in Pittsburgh relates his experience with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in a few words but to the point. He says: "Catarrh has been almost constantly with me for eight years; in this climate it seems impossible to get rid of it. I awoke every morning stuffed up, and for the first half hour it was cough, gag, expectorate and sneeze before I could square myself for my day's work; no appetite, and a foul breath which annoyed me exceedingly."

"I used Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for two months and found them not only pleasant to take but they did the business, and I can sincerely recommend them to all catarrh sufferers."

Druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents for full-sized package. They can be carried in the vest pocket and used at any time and as often as necessary. Guaranteed free from cocaine, mercury or any mineral poison; absolutely safe.

### The Considerate Dog.

A yellow dog who had bayed the moon ever since sunset was finally approached by a sedate old mastiff about 2 o'clock in the morning.

"See here, friend," said the mastiff, "will you be so good as to explain why it is you get so much comfort out of barking all night at the moon?"

"Well, it's this way," explained the yellow dog: "You see, I am afflicted with insomnia, and it takes an acute form which makes me feel obliged to bark at something; so I, being a considerate dog, bark at the moon, knowing that it cannot hear me. Therefore, it is not annoyed in the least, and I am afforded much relief."

"So you are actuated purely by considerate motives and a sincere desire to spare anyone annoyance?"

"Just so!" and the yellow dog wagged his tail proudly.

"But did it never occur to you to consider your neighbors also?" demanded the mastiff.

The yellow dog was overwhelmed with confusion. He listened for a moment to the hitherto unnoticed profanity and bearing of hair that was going on all over the neighborhood. Then he tucked his tail beneath him and slunk under the house.

Moral: Before striking at an enemy be sure you have no friends within range.

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am afforded much relief."

"So you are actuated purely by considerate motives and a sincere desire to spare anyone annoyance?"

"Just so!" and the yellow dog wagged his tail proudly.

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Moral: Before striking at an enemy be sure you have no friends within range.

Mr. Balfour on Illustration.

"There are books," said Mr. Arthur Balfour, at the dinner given to Sir John Tenniel in London the other evening "in which the text is a mere otiose and almost unnecessary appendage to the illustrations. There are other books, still larger in number, in which the illustration is an impertinent intrusion upon the attention of the reader, distracting his mind from the literary masterpiece with which he is concerned, and intruding alien and unsympathetic ideas to disturb the current of his thoughts. Those books are numerous. But there is a third class of book in which the illustration and the text are so intimately connected, in which the marriage between the two is so happy and so complete, that you cannot conceive the text adequately without the illustrations any more than you could conceive the illustrations unelucidated by the text. Our guest of this evening is one of the happy creators of this kind of illustration. There are books known to all of us in which it would be as impossible to forget the illustration as it is impossible—and I hope it will be long impossible—to forget the author." Of course, the book was "Alice in Wonderland."

Of the one hundred most popular books of the century up to the present time the check-book is one and the pocketbook is the other ninety-nine.

—EX.

## The Pitiful Helplessness of Nervous Sufferers.

Results of Human Maladies That Impair and Destroy Brain, Spinal Cord and Nerve Cells.

Symptoms That Indicate the Approach of Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis or Nervous Prostration.

Helplessness is more to be dreaded than any amount of pain or suffering. It is helplessness that makes the approach of old age so much regretted. In the great majority of cases helplessness of body or mind is the result of a wrecked nervous system. You cannot meet a person having the first symptoms of nervous exhaustion, such as irritability, nervousness, neuralgic pains, loss of energy and vitality and inability to concentrate the mind, without calling to mind many terrible examples of paralysis, locomotor ataxia, prostration, insanity, or some form of helplessness and suffering.

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FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SLOW BOWEL.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
Genuine Small Size Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

## Elegant Footwear

There is an ele-  
gance about our  
summer shoes  
for women  
that is  
very  
attractive

**BLACHFORD**  
H. & C. Blachford, 114 Yonge St.

## Curious Bits of News.

The number of retail liquor dealers  
in the United States at the close of  
last year was 206,000. The total vote  
of the Prohibition party in the elec-  
tion of the same year was 209,000.

In the bottom of a strawberry-box  
opened at Hutchinson, Kan., the other  
day, the following note was found  
written on the smooth wood: "I am  
Cora Marsh, aged sixteen, of Logan,  
Mo. Never been kissed."

A man in Ray County, Mo., became  
convinced recently that he had in-  
cipient consumption. Every time he  
drew a full breath he heard a crack-  
ling sound. A doctor discovered that  
the crackling sound was made by a  
small buckle on his suspender.

A curious old custom was recently  
revived at Great Oakley, England,  
where parish lands were let by "pin  
in candle." The local clergyman pre-  
sided. A pin is inserted in a burning  
candle, and so long as it remains in  
its tallow resting-place bids are taken.  
The last bidder before the pin drops is  
declared the tenant for the year.

A Paris schoolmaster has petitioned  
the French Chamber against kings  
still reigning on French playing cards.  
He suggests kings should be replaced by  
pictures of Thiers, MacMahon, Grevy,  
and Carnot; and queens by equally  
prominent women Republicans. The  
Parliamentary Commission sitting on  
the petition has replied that the change  
is impossible, since it would ruin quite  
a number of playing-card factories.

What is probably the most extra-  
ordinary plant ever discovered has  
now been found by E. A. Suverkrop,  
of Philadelphia, who, during trips to  
South America, has for some years  
been contributing to the collection of  
his friend, Professor N. E. Brown, of  
the Herbarium, Kew Gardens, London.  
The amazing plant which Mr.  
Suverkrop has now found is an or-  
chid that takes a drink whenever it  
feels thirsty by letting down a tube  
into the water, the tube, when not in  
use, being coiled up on top of the plant.

Baltimore, Md., had a bulldog until  
recently, that made a practice of  
milking cows in the fields. Just how  
the dog formed the habit is not known,  
but it is thought he acquired it by  
following the example of calves. He  
had often been seen with the many  
cows in pasture about Mount Wash-  
ington across a cow's back while she  
was lying down. His appetite for  
milk grew so strong that he was not  
satisfied with part of the supply, but  
wanted it all, and attacked a dairy-  
maid who went into her barnyard to  
milk. He was despatched by a police-  
man with a revolver.

The capital invested in electrical  
enterprises in the United States is es-  
timated by "American Trade" at four  
billion dollars. We have the same au-  
thority for the assertion that those  
industries employ more than half a  
million persons. Almost half of the  
aggregate capital is represented by  
the electric railways, which, it would  
be safe to assume, employ a majority  
of the half-million persons. There  
were dismal predictions current ten  
or fifteen years ago of things that  
would befall certain classes of labor  
when electric cars came in; but the  
abolishment of the horse-car has prob-  
ably thrown no one out of work—ex-  
cept the horse.

Coats of mail are now being man-  
ufactured from papier-mache that can-  
not be distinguished from real antique  
armor. According to the wishes of  
the customer, the armor can be  
turned out bright steel, silver and gold  
inlay, hammered brass, rusty iron or  
malachite. As described by the New  
York "Evening Post," the new goods  
are calculated to deceive the best  
critics, and to give all the satisfaction  
of the genuine coat of mail. They are  
warranted not to break easily or to  
cut any unfortunate guest upon whom  
they may happen to fall. All descrip-  
tions of armor can be had. The new  
invention has aroused the anger of  
the dealers in antique armor, who de-  
clare that it is intended to ruin their  
trade.

A well-known English firm of to-  
bacconists are giving away in their  
packets of cigarettes a small map of  
the Klondike district. It is colored  
red, and the words "British Terri-  
tory" are printed upon it in large let-  
ters. On the back is found the fol-  
lowing little history of the gold fields:  
"There is no doubt that the Klondike  
district is the richest gold field yet  
discovered. It comprises some 192,000  
square miles, mostly in British terri-  
tory, and although mining has been  
going on steadily for the past ten  
years, it was only in August, 1896,  
that the extraordinary richness of the  
diggings was discovered." We have  
been accustomed to portraits of fat  
women and popular heroes for so long

## Active Brains

Must Have Good Food or Nervous Prostra-  
tion Surely Follows.

It is a lamentable fact that Ameri-  
can brain-workers do not, as a rule,  
know how to feed themselves to re-  
build the daily loss occasioned by ac-  
tive mental effort. This fact, coupled  
with the disastrous effects of the alk-  
aloids contained in tobacco, coffee and  
whiskey, makes a sure pathway to-  
wards nervous prostration.

The remedy is simple enough. Em-  
ploy the services of a food expert, who  
knows the kind of food required to re-  
build the daily losses in the human  
body. This can be done by making  
free use of Grape-Nuts, the famous  
breakfast food, which contains exactly  
the elemental principles which have an  
affinity for albumen and go directly to  
rebuild the gray matter in the brain,  
solar plexus and nerve centers through-  
out the body. Follow your selection of  
food up with a dismissal of coffee, to-  
bacco and whiskey for fifteen days and  
mark the difference in your mental  
ability, which means everything to the  
average hustling American, who must  
have physical and mental strength or  
he falls out in the race for dollars.



"Punch's" suggestion for a comfortable and dust-proof auto-  
mobile costume.

that the novelty is as pleasant as it  
is instructive.

W. T. Bryan, a Cincinnati electrician,  
though not a vegetarian or a crank on  
diet, shares in the general aversion for  
tough, unpalatable meats, and has  
brought forward a method whereby he  
insists the evil may be eradicated.  
Selecting a very ordinary piece of  
meat, he cuts it in two, and submits  
one-half of it to a treatment by  
"electrolysis"—that is, he induces into  
it a current of electricity that perme-  
ates every atom and disintegrates the  
"connective tissues." When the pro-  
cess has continued a sufficient time,  
the two pieces are cooked in precisely  
the same manner and their merits  
compared. Whether the "untreated"  
piece turns out to be good, bad, or in-  
different, the other is always a tooth-  
some morsel, fit for an epicure or an  
invalid. The electricity, it is claimed,  
leaves no taint and does not lessen the  
nutritive quality of the meat. In fact,  
it tends to destroy impurity. It is  
said that this process may be applied  
to any meat or vegetables.

The Kennebec (Me.) "Journal" says  
that the largest solid piece of granite  
ever loosed in a quarry in this coun-  
try was separated from its natural bed  
in the John L. Goss quarries, Crotch  
Island, Stonington, a few days ago.  
Some idea of its dimensions can be  
gained when by careful measurements  
it was estimated to weigh 25,000 tons.  
This enormous mountain of granite is  
325 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 38  
feet in depth. Months of careful work  
were expended in loosening it from  
the pyramidal mountain where it  
rests. The peculiarity of the granite  
formation at Crotch Island alone  
makes this enormous piece of quarry-  
ing possible. The granite is a verita-  
ble mountain, shelf on shelf, and in  
order to separate one layer from the  
other it is necessary to drill hundreds  
of holes, into which dynamite is  
placed. A few days ago, all being  
ready, the channel made by the dynamite  
was cleared and soon the ponderous  
layer of 25,000 tons will be cut  
up as required in the business.

## Sunshine.

After a morn of dreary rain  
The sudden sun shone forth again  
From skies of dazzling blue:

Sorrow and suffering was my dole,  
But you have banished pain—  
Your love shone through my lonely  
soul  
Like sunshine after rain!  
—Eileen Benson.

## A Drama of the Sea.

The Impressions of a Great Actress on  
Witnessing a Tragedy of Life.

By SARAH BERNHARDT.

LES POULAINS ("THE COLTS").  
BELLE ISLE EN MER.

I AM still unnerved and shaken  
with emotion as I write these  
lines.

On this island—well called  
"Belle Isle"—dramas of the sea  
are frequent and terrible. The polite,  
charming, gentle inhabitants are divid-  
ed into the two well defined classes of  
farmers and fishermen. The farmers  
cultivate wheat, oats, maize and pota-  
toes. The fishermen devote themselves  
to the tunny, the sardine and the lob-  
ster. Neither of these classes gets  
very rich, and meat is a luxury almost  
unknown to both fishermen and farm-  
ers.

Nor are they a very vigorous race;  
the women especially are slight and  
delicate, with straight noses, slender  
necks, and a measured and haughty  
gait. The men are of medium height  
and well proportioned; but they have  
not the strength conspicuous in the  
natives of Normandy.

They are proud and do not beg.  
What strikes the observer as remark-  
able is that the wrinkles laughter  
makes do not appear among the many  
lines of their faces. Both men and wo-  
men are sad and grave, their foreheads  
are seamed with anxieties or sorrow-  
ful memories. For each one has a fa-  
ther or a brother or a son sleeping in  
the wicked blue sea which is there,  
there, on all sides, wherever the eye  
turns. These people have lived here  
from time immemorial, surrounded by  
this restless, voracious, cheerful ceme-  
tery; and when by chance a child's  
laughter makes its way out of a cot-  
tage door, and lights up the face of  
the mother who is working afield, she  
turns away trembling, shaken by the  
sob that the sight of the sea has caused her.

Yesterday a slender girl of thirteen  
stood shading her eyes and watching  
her brother disappear in the distance  
on the road that leads down to the  
port of Bordery. Like an anxious lit-  
tle mother she called after him:

"Be careful not to take cold! Au re-  
voir! Good luck!"

When the boy was out of sight she  
went into the house again to get

everything ready for her two brothers'  
return. For they lived there, three  
orphans, aided by the State, from  
which they received a small pension.  
The girl was in deep mourning; the  
Gouenanin parents had left them  
two years before and only a week  
apart; the father had died in the hos-  
pital, after twelve days of the most  
fearful suffering, from the effects of  
the scratch of a fish fin; the mother, a  
consumptive, had followed him within  
the week. So the three orphans lived  
there alone. The eldest, a lad of  
eighteen, had left at dawn to fish for  
sardines; the younger brother, who  
was fifteen years old, had just engaged  
himself to his cousin, Pierre-Marie  
Gouenanin, a lobster-fisherman. There  
were three who went aboard the little  
boat "l'Enfant-du-Desert"—Pierre-Marie  
Gouenanin, Eugene Gouenanin (the  
orphan), and Michel Samzun. The  
pale blue sail was hoisted and the boat  
disappeared.

The sky was a little clouded and  
seemed to be padded with gray. The  
wind was from the west. I sat  
on the rocks and watched, and  
dreamed the wonderful dreams that  
the sea always brings. At the sound  
of distant cries, I looked up. A couple  
of sea-gulls, uttering their sharp note,  
passed over me. I had made a mis-  
take.

I was preparing to leave the rock  
when once more plaintive cries—  
broken, like the sobs of a child—  
reached my ears. Looking towards the  
little island where the Poulains light-  
house stands, beyond the beach that  
separates the island from the rock  
where I was sitting, I saw old mother  
Le Pelletier, wife of the light-house  
keeper, on her knees, waving her hand-  
kerchief and calling desperately for  
help. Some workmen near by saw her  
at the same time I did. In a few  
moments every one was on the island.

What an agonizing and terrible  
sight! Off the point of the island,  
three hundred yards from land, "l'En-  
fant-du-Desert" had capsized. There  
she tossed with sails under water and  
keel in air; and clinging to the face  
white as linen and his head rocked  
this way and that by the waves.  
Through my opera-glasses I watched  
the fearful catastrophe of this drama.

The child, whose strength had be-  
come exhausted, was about to let go.  
At his side Michel Samzun, clinging  
to the edge of the keel, gave a cry  
of alarm, a hoarse cry of agony stifled  
by the sea, which angrily stopped his  
mouth, as if it meant to keep its vic-  
tims for itself. A hundred yards  
away Pierre-Marie Gouenanin, with  
the oars under his arms, was disap-  
pearing in the waves; but he rose  
again, strong and virile, with a cry  
of joy. He had caught sight of the  
light-house keeper, Le Pelletier, who  
was the first to hear the cries of dis-  
tress, and who, losing no time and ask-  
ing no one to help him, had launched  
his boat. To reach the capsized fish-  
ermen the point had to be weathered.

"Courage there!" Michel Samzun  
cried to the little sailor clinging to the  
keel. "Old Le Pelletier will save us."  
Then came a great, wicked, crested  
wave which enveloped the boat. When  
it had passed, Michel lifted his head  
and raised himself by a vigorous strug-  
gle; the keel had been swept clear.  
The wave was already galloping off,  
carrying in its folds the unconscious  
child, who soon disappeared in the  
whirl of the current. The waves sur-  
rounded the boy and fought for pos-  
session of him in a wild, foamy dan-  
ce, lighted by the sun which just then  
pierced the fog.

Le Pelletier, after picking up Pierre-  
Marie Gouenanin on the way, at last  
reached the capsized boat. Tears  
rolled down his purple, wind-tanned  
cheeks. With infinite tenderness he  
unbent the clinging fingers of Michel  
Samzun. For three-quarters of an  
hour the fishermen had struggled in  
the water against the current and  
against the wind, which for the past  
twenty minutes had blown with con-  
siderable violence. When Michel's grip  
on the keel had been loosened he was  
hauled into the boat alongside of  
Pierre-Marie. Then, after making sure  
that they could not find the little fish-  
erman, they returned to the beach.

Old mother Le Pelletier had got  
ready clothing—stockings, jackets,  
shoes—everything they needed. My  
maids had gone to my house to pre-  
pare hot wine, seasoned with a little  
cinnamon.  
When Le Pelletier landed, followed  
by the wretched, shivering sailors, the  
pilot took both his hands and said:  
"Mon brave, mon brave, another  
rescue!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Le Pelletier, pale  
with anger at his uncompleted task,  
"there was one lost!"

And exhausted, battered and wet as  
he was, he lent his aid to the two  
fishermen, whose teeth were still chat-  
tering. Michel Samzun could not open  
his swollen hands; they were still  
gripped tight upon an invisible keel  
and were white and soft, as if the skin  
were dead.

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Pierre-Marie, who was older than his  
companion and had been wrecked once  
before, was the first to come to him-  
self again; he looked out upon the sea  
and I heard him mumble a savage  
oath. Then, as he took off his wet  
woollen jacket he caught sight of the  
lantern of his watch; this he drew  
from under his belt and held to his  
ear.

"H'm!" he exclaimed in surprise, "it  
has not stopped! That—and he  
tapped it lightly with his finger—  
"that is a good watch!"

As soon as they were dressed in dry  
clothes and cheered a little by the hot  
wine, they were eager to know what  
had become of the boat. Pierre-Marie  
flushed purple when he heard that the  
pilot Alexandre had hastened to the  
place of the accident and had righted  
her.

With their knees still trembling, their  
hair stuck to their foreheads by the  
salt water and the sweat of their  
agony, their bodies shaken with sup-  
pressed sobs at the thought of the  
young companion they had lost, they  
climbed into the boat again and sailed  
away. They turned the Pointe des  
Poulains, passed the gay little port of  
Denborek on their way to the pretty  
little port of Bordery. The Gouenanin  
girl had to be notified. I kept to  
the land and arrived at the same time  
as the others. It was the fateful mur-  
mur of the crowd that warned the  
child.

She came out on the threshold of  
her door, upright in her black cos-  
tume, her anxious little face flanked  
by the white wings of her coil. From  
afar she saw the peasants and the  
fishermen who were gathering togeth-  
er. They were pitying her. She could  
see it in their looks; she could hear it  
in their sorrowful words and the  
"Alas! alas!" that the wind brought  
her.

Driven by some unknown force, she  
ran towards the slope of the road that  
rose between her and those who were  
approaching. The child's face was pale  
and her eyes were wide with terror.  
When she saw the two fishermen re-  
turning alone, she understood at once  
what had happened. With a cry of  
anguish she ran back to the house  
calling out: "He is dead! he is dead!"  
to those within.

"He is dead! he is dead!" she cried  
to the pictures of the two departed  
parents. "He is dead! he is dead!"—  
and she threw herself down at the  
foot of the black cross fastened to the  
white wall. "He is dead! he is dead!"  
she murmured, choked with sobbing,  
as she crouched down, her head  
pressed against the wall and her arms  
stretched up to the image of Christ.

The fishermen and peasants, their  
hats in their hands, stood in silence  
outside the threshold, unable to find  
any words of consolation. I was  
among them, and, like them, was  
speechless.

## A Touch of Doggerel.

In the "North American Review" we  
find an interesting article by Dr. A. W.  
P. Martin on the poetry of the Chinese.  
The Celestial poets, like our own, are  
mainly minor. One of them addresses  
his lady-love in this wise:

Two trees whose boughs together  
twine,  
Two birds that guard one nest,  
We'll soon be far asunder torn,  
As sunrise from the West.

Hearts knit in childhood's innocence,  
Long bound in Hymen's ties,  
One goes to distant battlefields,  
One sits at home and sighs.

Like carrier dove, though seas divide,  
I'll seek my lonely mate;  
But if afar I find a grave,  
You'll mourn my hapless fate.

The flavor seems quite familiar. In  
fact, adds the "Outlook," one touch of  
doggerel makes the whole world kin.

## The "Fake" Element in Suc- cess.

It is well enough to prate about the  
"basics of absolute truth and sin-  
cerity," but there is no successful  
merit without a little "faking" to set  
it off; and "faking" without merit will  
prosper where merit without "faking"  
would starve. Barnum's declaration  
that the public loves to be humbugged  
is not flippancy, but a serious criti-  
cism of human nature. Apropos, an  
exchange relates the following:

"Here, Willie," said one of the fore-  
most members of the bar, the other  
day, to his office boy, "spill a little red  
ink on this will." The boy took the  
document, which had been neatly type-  
written and backed, and proceeded to  
rule red lines about the margin and  
across the indentations and spaces;  
underscored initial words in para-  
graphs and doubly underscored divers  
names and phrases; and then returned  
the paper to his employer.

"This red ink is a little bit of 'faking'  
one must do to please people," re-  
marked the lawyer to a newspaper-  
man who happened to be present.  
"Most clients won't believe that a will,  
a deed or a contract is 'valid' unless  
there is red ink on it. Once I drew a  
will for a rich old man. I gave the  
matter much care and study and  
drafted the instrument briefly and in  
very simple language. I had it type-  
written, but neglected to enliven the  
document with fancy designs in red.  
Really, I was proud of the simplicity  
and at the same time of the clearness  
of the draft. About a fortnight later  
another lawyer, a friend of mine, con-

fided to me as a joke that the man for  
whom I drew the will had gone to him  
with the document, expressed doubts  
whether so simple a will could be valid,  
and when assured that it was valid,  
had gone away unsatisfied. When the  
old man died a will was filed, bearing  
date a few weeks after that which I  
had drawn. The document was gorge-  
ous in red embroidery and heavy with  
unnecessary technical phrases. Evi-  
dently the old man had had another  
will drafted that pleased his eye. It is  
some satisfaction to me to know that  
the court construed the ornamental  
will to mean what I knew to be the  
very contrary of the testator's inten-  
tion. Since then I have not spared the  
red ink."

## How They Move.

"When I first settled here," said the  
Kansas man, "my nearest neighbor  
was twenty-five miles away, but now  
he's just across the road."

"The way you put it," remarked the  
Easterner, "that doesn't show any-  
thing. That may mean—"

"It shows, my friend, that cyclones  
are mighty powerful, that's all."—  
Philadelphia "Press."

"Brethren and sisters!" concluded  
the Rev. Washington Johnson, "I had  
demonstrated abstrusely that de Lord  
hates a thief—that he is not to be pro-  
pitated by no offering; therof I beg de  
pussies or pussies who stole yo' pas-  
tor's hog to make no contribution at  
de circulation of de offertory platter."  
Note.—The collection beat all previous  
records.—Princeton "Tiger."

Mrs. Sharpe (severely)—Norah, I can  
find only seven of these plates. Where  
are the other five? Cook (in surprise)  
—Sure, Mum, don't yez make no allow-  
ances for ordinary wear an' tear?—  
"Puck."

## HEART AND SOUL

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office..... } Main 1709  
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Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

VOL. 14. TORONTO, JULY 13, 1901. NO. 35.



**L**AST week was a bad one for "Americans" in the realm of sport. For some time back Uncle Sam has been posing for his photograph with the "America's" Cup as a watch fob, and English turf trophies in his button-hole. This week it is "up to" Uncle to crawl in that button-hole and pull the hole in after him. After showing the rest of his silverware over and making a space for the Grand Challenge Cup, our Yankee neighbor has decided that he can't accommodate it—just at present. If the Pennsylvania eight had captured that cup, Jonathan would have had a fit of expansion that would make the Spanish war look like a Fourth of July celebration, and the number of buttons that would have been shed preliminary to his initial outburst could only have been compared to a hailstorm engineered to overthrow the ice trust. The English tennis champions successfully defended the championship against the "Americans" at Wimbledon, and last, but not least, the much-touted Brooklyn Crescents were completely extinguished by the Caps at the Pan-Am. At present it looks as if the Yankees have still one or two things to learn, notwithstanding what their papers say to the contrary. Mr. Dooley says, "We're a foine people, an' we don't know it," but everybody will realize the Dooley spoke "sarcastic."

Talking about lacrosse, what's the matter with the Tecumsehs this year? They seem to lose with a painful regularity that is becoming monotonous to the enthusiast and apparently a habit with the team. Their press agent worked so much overtime last week that people thought that perhaps the team did intend to win one game this season, just for a change. But evidently, though a change may be as good as a rest with some people, the Tecumsehs preferred the rest. However, as the Athletics took all the games, there wasn't any rest, consequently the whitewash. The Tecumsehs have been called the Indians, and the name seems to fit, for if there is anything they resemble it is the little wooden Indian that stands with a far-away look in his eye in front of the tobacco stores where a man can buy an ordinary twofor for a dime and all the sensations of a sea-voyage-on-a-rough-day at five cents per.

The Torontos have been taking things easy lately, but for the next few weeks they will have their work cut out for them. Today they have to tackle the Nationals on their own grounds, and the Saturday after they play the Cornwall team at Rosedale. The Factory Team have one of the strongest teams in the league this year, and at present look like winners. Next Saturday will be Toronto's only chance to win from Cornwall, for any team that beats them on the home grounds will need the services of an armored train.

Last Saturday the Canoe Club held its annual At Home and regatta. The races were run off on the course in front of the club-house, and were enjoyed by about five hundred members and friends of the club. Supper was served in the large room on the top floor, and the dancing took place in the reading-room. The event demonstrated that the club was never more popular than at present, and this year's management is to be congratulated on the live condition of things it has succeeded in bringing about.

The Canadian cricket eleven have had a most successful trip in the States this year. In Philadelphia they had a record of one win, one defeat and two draws. They wound up the trip by defeating the representatives of the New York Metropolitan District Cricket League by the overwhelming score of an innings and 122 runs. J. M. Laing made the best score, running up 103 before being clean bowled. "Jack" Counsell also had a good innings of 60 to his credit.

The cricketers have decided to accept the Toronto Lacrosse Club's invitation and hold the international matches at Rosedale. Rosedale was chosen in preference to the Ottawa grounds as being better, both from the players' and spectators' point of view.

The Dominion Lawn Bowling Association are having, in their tenth annual meet, the most successful event of its kind ever held in Canada. Forty-eight rinks were in the draw, and all told the scratch on Tuesday for the start of the competition. At time of writing the Toronto rinks are nearly all pretty well in the running for the Walker trophy, and it looks as if the finals would be fought out between local rinks.

Tennis is "the only game" just now, not only at Niagara but also in Toronto. There have been tournaments galore and every prospect of more to follow. The company at Niagara is very fast this year, and some great tennis will be seen before the play is closed. With such men as Whitman, Hobart, Larned, Beals, Wright, Fischer, Avery and Forbes, one can imagine the standard of the tennis the man will have to play who wins the championship.

Toronto is to be represented at Philadelphia this year as usual. The Dons are sending Lou Scholes for the intermediate, and Len Marsh for the senior singles. The Argos will send their eight, and expect to make a good showing. Winnipeg will send a four and an eight.

The "Grey Friar," the challenger for the Seawanhaka Cup, was taken off the s.s. "Australasian" last Saturday, and

proved to be a very freakish craft, but it is claimed that she is fast, despite her strange appearance. Last year's defender, "Red Boat," will probably be chosen again this year, as she won all the trial spins with ease.  
THE REFEREE.

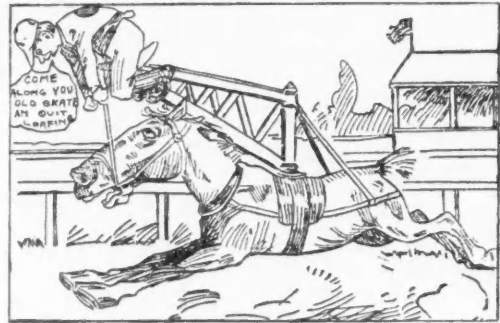
### Parkman's Climb For Life.

**A**N extract from Francis Parkman's diary, printed in the biography by Farnham, describes the manner in which the historian scaled one side of the White Mountain Notch.

"I walked down the Notch to the Willey House, and out of curiosity began to ascend the pathway of the avalanche on the mountain directly behind. This pathway is a deep ravine channeled in the side of the mountain, which in this place is extremely steep. I ascended at first easily, but the way began to get steeper and the walls on each side more precipitous. Still I kept on until I came to a precipice about forty feet high and not far from perpendicular. I could see that this was followed by a similar one above. Professor Silliman a year or two ago ascended in this place until, he says, 'further progress was prevented by inaccessible precipices of the trap-rock.' I determined that the 'inaccessible precipices' which had cooled his scientific ardor should prove no barriers to me. I began to climb, and with considerable danger and difficulty, and with the loss of my stick, I surmounted both precipices. I climbed on until, seeing a huge cloud not far up settling down toward me, I bethought myself of retracing my steps. I knew that it would be impossible to descend by the way I had come, so I tried to get out of the ravine by the side of the mountain, which was covered with wood. But this was impossible also, so I began to descend the ravine, nothing doubting that I could find some means of getting out before reaching the critical point. I soon found myself at the top of the precipice, with no alternative but to slide down or to clamber up the perpendicular and decaying walls to the surface of the mountain. To slide down was certain destruction, as I proved by suffering a rotten log to do it. The other method was scarcely less dangerous, but it was my only chance, and I braced my nerves and began to climb. Down went stones and pebbles, clattering hundreds of feet below, and giving me a grateful indication of my inevitable fate in case my head should swim or my courage fail. I had got half way up, and was climbing to the face of the precipice, when the two stones which supported my feet loosened and leaped down the ravine. My finger-ends, among the rotten gravel, were all that sustained me, and they would have failed had I not thought on the instant of lowering my body gradually, and so diminishing the weight until I found new supporters. I sunk the length of my arms, and then hung for the time in tolerable safety, with one foot resting on a projecting stone. Loosening the hold of one hand, I took my knife from my pocket, opened it with the assistance of my teeth, and dug a hollow among the decayed stones large enough to receive and support one foot. Then thrusting the knife as far as possible into the wall to assist my hold, I grasped it and the stones with the unoccupied hand, and raised my foot to the hollow prepared for it; thus, foot by foot, I made my way, and in ten minutes, as time seemed to me, I seized a projecting root at the top and drew myself up. During the whole time of climbing I felt perfectly cool, but when fairly up I confess I shuddered as I looked down at the gulf I had escaped. A large stone, weighing perhaps a hundred pounds, lay on the edge. I thrust it off with my foot, and down it went, struck the bottom of the ravine with a tremendous crash and thundered down, leaping from side to side, until it lodged at last far below, against a projecting rock."

### The Sliding Seat.

**O**NE of the results of the "American jockey's" seat on a race horse is the invention of a saddle which the newspapers gravely describe as "calculated to give a rider a forward seat without effort on his part." The inventor states that it automatically changes the jockey's weight from front to rear and vice versa. The attitude for which "American" jockeys have become famous is not altogether an invention of theirs. It



How the thing works.—Boston "Traveler."

is a copy of the attitude of the monkeys which used to ride the dogs in their races at Barnum's circus, and rather a bad copy. It seems to work well in very short dashes where the race is a case of hustling more than riding, but it would be sure death in steeplechasing. The invention may save wear and tear on breeches. The sliding seat in rowing was an improvement on greasing the seat of the man's breeches.

### Baseball Reporting a la Baxter.

**A**NEATER article of the National had never been put up on the home grounds, and when the visitors picked up the stick in the final with the tally standing 2-2, everybody, from the oldest fan to the younger paper seller, was standing on his seat and yelling to the local ball artist to serve up his choicest assortment of round-house benders, and keep whatever guy was handling the ash pivoting at delusions. The twirler was up to the business, and laid 'em over so fast that the receiving end of the battery, who wears the bird-cage and liver-pad, looked as if he were shelling peas. The first two victims only tore rents in the atmosphere, but the third guy connected, and laid off a flaming grasser which would have made a projectile from a 13-inch gun look like a bean-bag tossed from one baby to another. The man on the difficult corner was right there, though, and flagged the horse-hide pill with his sinister talon, assisting it over to the initial hassock in such short order that someone yelled derisively: "That fellow runs like an Orange street automobile." The home aggregation came to the bat. Everyone was confident that they were going to pound the sphere around the lot, but the opposing team ran in a new guy with a slow south wing, and before they were on to the fact that they were not putting the willow on to the yarn as they had expected, there were two men down and two strikes on the next guy. But, oh, Phoebe! on the next delivery he became the father of a bouncing swat which landed in the last row of potatoes in the outer garden and enabled him to press down three buttons and scratch the rubber. "Did the crowd go wild? Say, did you ever see a game of ball?"—Yale "Record."

### Out of the Mouths of Babes.

It was in a Philadelphia Sunday school, and, says the "Press" of that city, the lesson had been about the prodigal son. The entire Sunday school had been properly impressed, and the superintendent rose at the close, and with a view of inculcating a highly moral lesson, asked: "Now, my little friends, who stood by, objecting to this proposed banquet to the prodigal?" And a voice in a far corner answered, "The calf."

### Miss Mildred Stewart.

Only the intimate friends of Miss Mildred Stewart, second daughter of the late A. D. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart (nee Otter), were aware until quite recently that she possessed a very unusual and splendid contralto voice, which



she used for the first time in public at a band concert in Hamilton a couple of weeks ago. Her singing, in a city proud of the possession of two such grand contraltos as Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Dunlop, created quite a sensation. She was loaded with exquisite flowers, and a magnificent tribute from the police force, of which her father was at one time chief. Miss Stewart is a fine girl, popular with everyone, entirely free from self-consciousness, and of almost imposing height and presence. At dance and merry-making she is always welcome, and when she takes up serious work she does it thoroughly well. I believe it is intended that she shall receive such a thorough musical training as her fine voice really merits. "Saturday Night" is privileged to present a picture of Miss Stewart, surrounded with Hamilton's floral tributes.

### Criticizing the Critics.

**"Y**ES," said Augustina calmly, "we are the victims of compulsory and indiscriminate education. We know how to read, but the majority of us would rather lie down and die than think. So we follow the crowd. The crowd," said Augustina, "is only the old mob with a cleaner face and more buttons to its wearing apparel. The crowd, in its youth, happened to fall upon the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and by this means wrestled through a primer and six or seven graded school readers, and then it provided itself with a ticket to some public library. And now it has delivered itself into the hands of the enterprising publisher."

"Well?" I said.  
"The publisher has just sent out from his press a naturally told, wholesome, mediocre novel, which some good-natured critic reads, and commends in words far too high for its deserts. The critic smells in each page of the book the vanished pine trees of his youth. So he says, and the crowd, believing him, buys the book, and goes sniffing through it, in the hope of getting its olfactory nerves treated as pleasantly as those of the good-natured critic. Now, to speak the truth," said Augustina, "the crowd cannot tell the difference between a plain New England pine and a cedar of Lebanon."

She plunged ahead.  
"And the crowd passes the book around, and helps to swell the chorus started by the publisher and the good-natured critic; and at last even those people who do know and love literature begin to have doubts in regard to the matter. And yet Mr. So-and-So's work is not art and not literature, and I protest against the false position it holds in the estimation of the public. So, I repeat, 'here are too many of us that know how to read.'"

"And who is to blame in the matter?" I inquired.  
"The good-natured critic," answered Augustina promptly. "He should come out and say: 'My dear people, here is a new book, which, in regard to style, is without form and void. It contains no character that is vital enough to last. But it is a good book, a natural book, a perfectly harmless book. Read it, and you will still be able to sleep the sleep of the just.'"

"This may be the land of the free," said Augustina, resuming the attack, "but it is not the home of the brave. Witness the general tone of criticism. What we need is some rude old Dr. Johnson to roar out to the good-natured critic, after some particularly genial effusion: 'Rash, sir, trash, and you know it! Is this your method of serving the ends of literature? Are you not aware, sir, that every author needs at first a good sound licking?'"

"Go on, Augustina!" I cried from my corner.  
"I am thinking of organizing a Society for the Preservation of the Adjective," said Augustina. "Between the publisher and the critic, and the critic and the crowd, it bids fair to decline into a state of chronic invalidism. I have a sentimental attachment for the adjective; a good, virile one has many a time prevented me from the shedding of blood."

"Go on."  
"The publisher and the critic and the crowd together have so twisted and wrenched and hammered and beaten the adjective that it is fast going its way to the ambulance and the hospital. . . . Suppose Fielding or Thackeray were to come back from the tomb; with what word could we hail him? Or suppose some one should actually write the Great American Novel?"

And this was the last word I could get out of her.—From the "Contributors' Club" of the July "Atlantic."



John Bull—Hold tight, Wilfrid, there might be a kidnapper around here.—The St. Louis "Republic."

### "As One Having Authority."

**T**HINK what it means to hold in one's hands for a day the power of a feminine Ward McAllister! To say who shall or shall not be of the social elect, the "smart set," and all the rest of the shibboleth of the society column. That responsibility was entrusted to myself and a friend when we aided and abetted the perpetrators of a "Society Blue Book"—a directory of wealth and fashion. We were told we must not draw the lines too summarily—but beyond that, all was left to our judgment. We were able, did we choose, to reward our modest friends and effectually slight all our enemies.

My friend Audrey, as I soon found to my horror, was altogether too democratic for her position. She was disposed to cavil at the necessary restrictions placed upon the social aspirant—the wife of the Man Behind the Grocery-counter. We came to a deadlock for a time over a certain Mr. Biddings, a retail liquor dealer, and the Misses Biddings, his daughters. Audrey contended that as they in conversation ignored completely their father's occupation and themselves were the social lights of a pretty suburb far from a certain busy corner, their names should be inserted just as well as those of their cousins, the Misses Montgomery-Biddings, whose father was a flour and feed merchant. She found many instances to support her claims. "Why," she demanded, "are you casting the Biddings into outer darkness when you let the white light of publicity beat upon Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge?" "Why, they are wholesome people, and very rich," I replied. "I could not possibly leave Mrs. Eldridge out. If she is not 'there' already, she will soon arrive. She is head of ever so many societies, and she has never pushed herself forward in any way, except as a busy worker and a liberal giver from her husband's stores. When the Misses Biddings learn to do the same, into the Blue Book they shall go. But not now."

I was firm on this point, and Audrey sorrowfully laid aside the slip beginning with B. "It will create such heartburnings," she said. "Then they shouldn't be so ambitious," I answered, shortly. (We were not progressing with the revision very fast.)

"Do you believe in staying in that social state of life to which you were called?" said Audrey mutinously. I ignored the question, for a certain name I saw before me made me ponder a little. "I wonder if we are expected to consider moral character?" I said. "Character in Society?" and Audrey laughed cynically. "You need not sneer," I went on, "there are just as many people who do wrong out of Society as in it. But here is the name of a woman who is forfeiting an honored place in her world because she drinks so openly and shamelessly that her friends dare not offer her hospitality. What shall we do about her? Her husband was a man of wealth and good family, and she entertained largely at one time. Yet she is being slowly dropped by all her acquaintances."

"Leave her out," said Audrey, slowly. "We are but the recorders of public opinion, the gaugers of standards. What a lot of different standards, though, we have to consider! Does the weight of the old family name and relationship to an English Earl balance the degraded life led by young Barcham, for instance? You know he is dissolute and unprincipled, yet you give him a place alongside that of the risen hog-drover Breen. The latter is a common fellow and his wife is ungrammatical, but his daughters go to college and will marry gentlemen, no doubt. And yet we put the father in our Blue Book. There is sense enough in a Burke's Peerage, or a directory of all the talents, but the lines of cleavage are distinct there."

"My idea of our social life in a new country," I said, "is a series of circles like this diagram, where one enclosure merges and leads into another." "Yes," said Audrey. "But what takes you into the center one?" "Position and family, money (given sufficient time and tact), usefulness to influential relatives, church work, and prominence in women's societies."

"But to come back to the directory," said Audrey, "you know that half the people we are putting in are only on the fringes and outskirts." "Well, every society woman who reads the book will know to a nicety just what place they occupy. I am only showing that they are there to be considered. Some of these that are already in won't want their names there. They will laugh at the idea, and ridicule the book. They want nothing from society, for they have their own small circle of friends, whom they entertain quietly, and their one aim in life is to keep away from publicity. These should certainly go into our book, for they of all are the most truly representative of the 'best society.'"

Thus with much thought and care did Audrey and I compile that Blue Book. And for long thereafter, when our left ears burned, Audrey would whisper, "The Biddings!" And the publishers wanted to know why we had not mentioned those important people the Grahams (whom we had quite forgotten, though they were among our best friends); and they asked if we knew that we had made the book ridiculous by putting in some poverty-stricken people whose creditors descended upon them when they saw their names in the Blue Book; and had given no end of trouble by leaving some well-known names out, and thus making their creditors think they could no longer keep up appearances in society, and must therefore be utterly ruined; and the cousin of the bibulous lady demanded that her name be at once inserted and the implied slur on her character removed; and the society leaders laughed among themselves at the grocer's wife's presumption; "And did she think because her name appeared in that absurd book she would be invited to join the golf club?" "Indeed they were going to leave word to have their names struck off the next directory, since such persons were mentioned under the same capital letter, and had even copied their own hyphen." And a certain bookseller whose wife had read the names and had found them wanting, refused to handle the publication or in any way further its sale.

And—to conclude—Audrey and I will not revise the next Society Blue Book. ZANTE.

### Vidders.

You may love a simple little maid,  
And in time may marry her;  
But to wed a widow, gay or staid,  
Is a thing that can't occur.

For the widow is of sterner stuff,  
And you'll find it pretty true  
You can wed a maid all right enough,  
But a widow marries you!

—Smart Set.

### The Sinner Had His Innings.

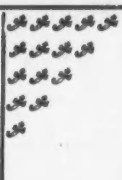
A good Canadian story, which has the additional interest of being true, is told of a minister of the Methodist persuasion, who has now passed to the region where they don't enjoy jokes at other people's expense. This man had entered the ministry late in life, and had formerly been engaged in farming. One day, as he was hoeing potatoes near the road, a slick young rattle-brain drove along, pulled up near the fence, and blurted out: "Say, can you tell me where this damned road leads to?" The farmer preacher was inexpressibly shocked. He gave that young man a stern, reprimanding look, assumed a most sanctimonious expression, and replied in serious tones: "Young man, the damned road leads to hell," with a clerical emphasis on "damned" and "hell." But for once the minister was bested, for the rattle-brain youth, as he pulled on the lines, left this parting shot: "Well, by the lay of the land and the looks of the people, I think I'm almost there. Good day."

W. E. G.

"Vanity," said Lord Rosebery recently, "is a centipede with corns on every foot."

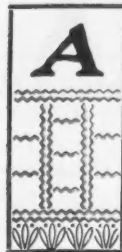


## An Unenthusiastic Tourist.



BEING THE IMPRESSIONS OF DON AND HIS PARTNER, RHEU, ON A TRIP TO EGYPT, PALESTINE AND ITALY.

### VI.—Cairo and Its People.



ARRIVING in a city at night, the mystery of the dusk is added to the strangeness of one's surroundings. Being projected from a railroad coach into a shrieking crowd of cabmen whose tongue is strange to the ear, yet whose voice possesses a touch of that weird antiquity which the mind has been weaving about the trip, prepares the traveller for vivid impressions. This preparatory episode may be described as also the introduction to a series of disappointments, for the fifth and importance of the man possessed of the vociferous voice, if accepted as a type of the past, are almost sure to make one glad to have been born in modern times and surrounded by civilized conditions. The hackmen of Cairo are a vastly inferior race to the villains who once infested Niagara, yet they are louder of voice and more picturesque in appearance. Nevertheless, the traveller is conveyed to a luxurious hotel, the manager of which is anxious to obtain his ultimate dollar, just as things happened twenty years ago at Niagara Falls.

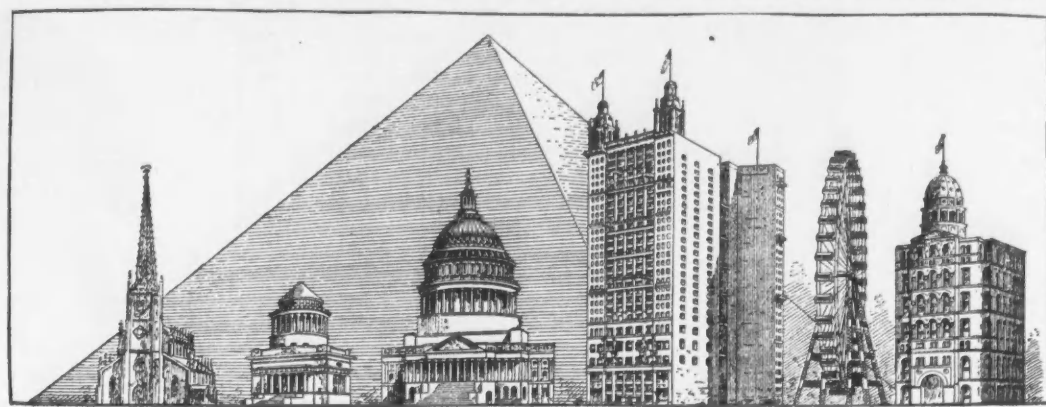
The stranger is impressed by the narrowness of the streets which approach the principal thoroughfare, and the width of the modern highway, the brilliance of the illuminations, the vast number of people sitting upon the boulevards drinking something which may be cooling but bad for their stomachs. The brilliance of the uniform of the cavass, who guards the portals of the hotel, also adds piquancy to the foreign taste of one's surroundings, and it probably makes one submit to a larger price per diem than would ordinarily be yielded to by the average business man. The great palms waving in the moonlight and the rustling of the tropical foliage in the hallway, the subservience of the clerk, and the general attitude of attention and willingness displayed by the attendants, induce one to yield to a demand which, though it sounds large at 75 piastres per day, is really only about four dollars. The elevator is slow but the attendant is swift. "Baksheesh" is the national song of Egypt and the individual cry of everyone who engages in the service of the dispirited person who desires to see the sights.

The infinite unvariety of travel outside of the yelling of hackmen whose tongues vary, is best to be observed in the bed-room into which the tourist is bowed by a young man who is continually sizing you up as to how much you will be worth as a tip-giver. The room is the same as one would obtain at any good Canadian or United States hotel. The sheets have the same facility for getting up to one's knees at the foot and getting around one's throat at the top. Dust is on everything, not in a very conspicuous quantity, but sufficient to make one wash more frequently than at home. The bed is no harder and no softer than one would find outside of an historic country. The drinking-water is presented in a dusty decanter with considerable sediment at the bottom of it, just as one might expect in a more civilized country. Perhaps the only difference between a high-class Egyptian hotel and one in New York, Toronto or Montreal is the absence of soap. Each traveller is expected to be the means of conveying his soap to himself. Considering the quality of soap which one obtains in a country where the English language is not spoken and the English habit of washing is not often observed, it is just as well to conform to this practice without protest. One must not expect to always find in a hotel room utensils that have been carefully washed or that are devoid of smell. This is quite true of Egypt.

In the morning when one awakens, the brilliant white sunlight of Cairo prepares the unenthusiastic tourist for sights and experiences which he will be shortly made to undergo. In the Oriental household, whether it be a hotel or a private dwelling, noiselessness is the prevailing habit. The servant comes in quietly, service of all sorts makes little or no disturbance; but in the street the clamor, the wild desire to shout a little louder than anyone else, and to cry the value of wares and fruits, no doubt exceeds even the nerve-debilitating experiences one has at home. It seems strange that caravansaries are arranged on a noiseless principle, but the streets are run as if the man with the loudest pair of lungs is the best and probably the most prosperous citizen. The noise of an Egyptian street is almost deafening. Though the heat on one day during my visit to Cairo was 103 in the shade, like the cold of Winnipeg it did not seem to be disconcerting. But the prevailing habit of the hotel employee to be subservient and the hackman or street car driver to be offensive, was very noticeable.

Probably the first impulse of a stranger is to discover the whereabouts of people of his own nationality. In pursuit of the laudable idea that I should know the whereabouts of the public resorts kept by English-speaking people, and the places where drinks were purveyed under English names, I naturally enough drifted into a restaurant run by a former citizen of the United States whom I had met on the train, and who was once considered a leading actor. When, at considerable expense, we became further acquainted, he introduced me to a woman not unknown in Toronto, who in spite of a divorce is still known as the Princess de Chimay. Mr. Rigo, her present husband, plays the violin, which is probably the only thing with which he is acquainted. As it will probably be remembered, her name in the Western world was Miss Ward, and she has been described as one of the most beautiful women living. Opinions with regard to beauty necessarily vary, according to the attachment one feels for the person described. I was in a receptive mood, being a stranger in a far-off clime, but I was not particularly impressed by Mrs. Rigo's good looks. She has taken on flesh to an extent to which, no doubt, she personally objects, and affects a theatrical manner which does not convey the desired impression. Mr. Rigo is a small man with a very large and very black moustache. I was told by the one who introduced me that he did not know one letter from another, and was equally innocent of any knowledge of written music.

If I were permitted by the ordinary etiquette of social intercourse to write of all the people I have met, I do not think I would always be uninteresting. Under various circumstances I have met noted men and women either at their own homes or as a fellow guest, and under no circumstances of such a sort do I feel at liberty to write of their peculiarities without their permission, or to describe the conditions under which I have met those with regard to whom the public have a curiosity. Meeting people in the rear room of what was practically a saloon, I still feel some of the social restraints which are put upon the one who has been received in a friendly way. No doubt the genuine sensational journalist would promptly proceed to make a picture of those whose lives are so heterodox and conform to no particular social ideal, that would be interesting reading. All I propose to say of this extraordinary pair is that their lives should indicate to everyone that a public rupture from conventionality on account of personal desires must have an unfortunate ending. The woman, who must doubtless have a very strong nature in order to induce her to do strange and outrageous things, nevertheless remains a woman and has her hysterical moments. The man, though he may be marvellously gifted as an artist, cannot be depended upon as a husband. Strung up as such natures must be by their unhallowed intimacy, the unhappiness of their relations can be easily imagined. To meet such people is enough to convince one that we must submit to the accepted conditions of life rather than by outraging public opinion put ourselves outside of the pale. Naturally enough the man deteriorates, and with equal



1. Trinity Church, New York, 288 feet. 2. Grant's Mausoleum. 3. The Great Pyramid, 450 feet. 4. Capitol in Washington, 287 feet. 5. Irvin's Building, Park Row, New York, 300 feet; with basements and flag-staff, 501 feet. 6. Ferris wheel, 305 feet. 7. "World" Building, New York, 294 feet.

certainly the woman ceases to be a desirable companion. I only mention this instance to illustrate other episodes in which I became acquainted with people who went to Egypt because they did not obtain social recognition in England or America. All the strange things are not to be seen when the guide is showing you the sphinx, the obelisks, or the pyramids; they are to be found amongst the people who may be found trying to enjoy themselves away from home, and, as they think, out of sight of the eye which can make people feel socially so uncomfortable.

It must not be thought that people who are so really unimportant monopolize the attention of Cairo's society, for the wives of men whose names have been important in South African affairs were making considerable stir in principal places. It seems a little hard on a man who is engaged in his country's conflicts that his wife should be cutting a wide swath in such a place as Cairo. If it proves anything, it demonstrates the fact that professional soldiers take a view of life which is not at all in conformity with that ordinarily accepted. The man whose business it is to kill, and whose promotion depends upon his success in killing people unexpectedly, can hardly have the same code of morals as the one who is recognized by society as being perfectly well behaved. The well behaved man may do things surreptitiously, and may earn his reward of marital infelicity, but it is not nearly so surely coming to him as if he were a soldier. Women cannot always be expected to modestly remain in the background and be made the victims of masculine vices without acquiring some of their own. Perhaps watching the concourse of people from the piazza of a foreign hotel with a bland waiter at one's elbow with a towel over his arm, one may hear almost as many details, if not more than in the divorce court. The tendency of a foreign population to know everything about everyone's business is notorious. Nevertheless, I think the interest in travelling is in noticing the people one meets, and then in a general way trying to become possessed of the facts.

(To be continued.)

### A Seaside Roundel.

On the sands as loitering I stand  
Where my point of view the scene commands,  
I survey the prospect fair and grand  
On the sands.

Niggers, half a dozen German bands,  
Photographic touts, persistent, bland,  
Chirromancers reading dirty hands,

Nursemaids, children, preachers, skiffs that land  
Trippers with cigars of fearful brands,  
Donkeys—everything, in short, but sand—  
On the sands.

—Punch.

### The Porter's Charitable View.

ONE by one the travellers entered the sleeping-car bound for the Exposition, relates a Western exchange.

"Porter," said a fat man.

"Yes, sah."

"Put me off at Buffalo."

The porter showed two rows of ivories in an affected grin.

"Dat's purty good, sah," he said.

An "octopus" looking man came in and looked at the porter with evidences of a smile twitching around the corners of his mouth.

"Porter," he said.

"Yes, sah."

"Put me off at Buffalo."

Then came a woman—a brazen woman—who sprung the same old gag, followed by the two travelling men, who drew cuts at the further end of the car to see who would have the honor of indulging in the witticism. And through it all the porter smiled. Finally, he came over to my berth and sat down.

"Dey's some mighty humorous people in dis world, sah," he said.

"Very," I answered, as a tall man, faultlessly attired, came in with his head high in the air and passed us without a word.

The porter looked surprised.

"Say, boss," he said, following the tall man with his eyes, "do you s'pose it am possible dat boy never heard of de 'put-me-off' gag?"

"It's possible," I answered, "but not probable."

The porter lapsed into silence, and thought for a moment, and then his face brightened.

"Say, boss," he suddenly exclaimed, "I've got it. I'll

bet \$10 dat man's a Southanah, an' won't speak to a niggah!"

### Smoking-car Stories.

AN old darkey preacher, a worker in the Lord's vineyard in Ontario in the early days, had a quaint and ingenious derivation to offer for the word Bible. "Way back in de obscure ages of unrighteousness," he used to explain, "de men who wrote about de Lawd an' his doin's had to take a little bit pencil an' a little bit papeh an' write down w'at de Lawd said t' write, kyn' o' secret an' quiet like, 'cause de devil and his injuns (minions?) wah a-goin' about like ragin' lions seekin' who dey might devour. An' dese little bits papeh wah den circuli-ated from han' to han', kyn' o' secret an' quiet like, an' so dey wah call' 'by-bills,' an' dat how de books o' prophecy an' exhortation, de gospels an' de revelations, is de Bible ob de presen' day."

"TALKING of 'doing' the customs officers," said a United Stateser en route to Toronto by a Canadian railway, "I had a comical experience this spring. I live in a border town (naming the place), where we have lots of fun dodging the officers by bridge and ferry. A friend of mine on the Canadian side has a thoroughbred Jersey cow, one of the finest in the land, and the cow had a calf. My friend didn't want to either raise the calf or sell it to the butcher, so he said to me one day, 'Bill, drive over after tea to-night in your buggy and I'll give you the calf.' I timed myself for about dark, and we stowed the wabbly little suckling in the bottom of the rig, in such a way that no one would ever suspect its presence. Then I started back for home. Another friend of mine is United States customs officer at the Bridge, and as I have in sight he said, 'Hello, Bill,' and asked the formal question whether I had anything dutiable in my possession. 'Oh, no,' I said, 'I've just been across to Canada for a little fresh air.' What did that calf do right then and there but let out the most unearthly 'Moo!' from the bottom of my buggy? There's quite a duty on cattle entering the States unless registered with pedigree in a herd-book. However, I didn't have to shell out for the officer, after we had both laughed long and loud, merely said, 'That's all right, Bill, drive along with your fresh air!'"

I HEARD a queer story about a pig that cost three thousand dollars and a man's life. The case is well known to old residents of the township of Ephraim, county of Grey. Years ago a farmer whom we shall call A, had a pig of a breed then uncommon in this country. There was a wedding at Farmer B's, preceded by a pig-killing, for in those days, as now, country weddings were occasions of much feasting and merry-making. Afterwards, at a threshing, another neighbor, Farmer C, made the statement in the presence of several scores of people that the pig killed at Farmer B's was the one belonging to A. He knew, he said, because he had been present at the killing, and recognized the animal. The report spread over the countryside that Farmer B had stolen and killed another man's pig for his daughter's wedding. First thing C knew, he was served with a writ for slander. He tried to settle, but the other side would not do so. In due course the case came to trial at the county town. The trial lasted for days. Possibly a hundred witnesses were examined. There was an expensive array of legal talent. The jury brought in a verdict for a dollar and costs. The costs amounted to almost \$3,000. In those days appeals were seldom made. Farmer C had to mortgage his farm to square the account, and died a short while after, a ruined and broken-hearted man. The people in that section are said to entertain a wholesome dread of lawyers and litigation ever since. And no wonder!

LANCÉ.

### An Anthem Story.

According to "Harper's Magazine," The Messiah was sung recently in Philadelphia, and one of the anthems rendered by the chorus had as its theme, "We have turned every one to his own way." As anthems go, this sounded somewhat as follows: "We have turned, turned, turned—we have turned, yes, we have—we have turned every one, every one to his own way—to his, to his own way, own way—every one to his own way." The anthem involved several pages of music, and every time the chorus sang "we have turned, turned, turned," they proceeded to turn over to the next page, and then burst out again with "we have turned, turned." A certain plain citizen, rather elderly, who sat well in the rear, not appreciating the delicate sentiment, was heard to mutter, disgustedly: "Well, when you get through turnin', turnin' them gol-darned pages, suppose you shet up about it!"



A TYPICAL NILE LANDSCAPE.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.



HAVE in my hand a letter from a far-off relative. "Can it be possible," she asks, "that you are a hopeless invalid?" I don't think under any circumstances that it could, so I shall write her one of what my small lover calls my "funny letters," and convince her that one may even be a life-long occupant of this easy chair and still not be "hopeless." My small lover has just been here. I feel yet his warm moist kisses on my cheek and hands, and hear his sturdy feet clattering along the corridor. He brought me nothing today, but we were so merry together that he forgot his forgetfulness. When no gift appears within five minutes of his advent, I am always nervously apprehensive that his empty-handedness will occur to him and fill him with distress, as invariably happens if he isn't very much diverted by me. He's such a royal little lover, with his generous bestowal of kisses, moist candies and flowers that have lost their youth in his vigorous clutch. It will be such a loss to me when he outgrows his suddenness, his heartiness, his abandon of devotion. "I love you dearly," he vows. "No one could care as much for you. I love your mummie just 'cos she borned you." Isn't that devoted of him?

It has been a grey day, the sort of restful day when I used to say, "To-day I shall stay in the house and read and write and sew." So, when nurse left me, I said that, making believe that I had a choice, that it merely rested with me whether I went out or stopped at home. It made me quite chipper and saucy with myself to say, "Now, this is a good day to stay in the house, and so I shall give up all idea of going out." Then I could thoroughly enjoy it all, principally the clouds, of course, for lying down I see them most and best. They were rather sulky all the forenoon, just a rift here and there, just a lightening, and then relieved bad temper. Clouds are awfully like us, sometimes! At noon they gave in, and now they are all in orderly companies like soldiers of the King, and streaks of uncertain blue are showing between those ridges and bumps. I hope at sunset they will put off their Quaker grey and brighten up with a touch of red. Then I shall have dreams of real old-fashioned soldiers, so brilliant and smart, not the khaki kind they tell me about, who must keep hid or be shot.

I dream about so many queer things, too! Sometimes waking and sometimes sleeping. The other night I dreamed I saw Queen Victoria and her husband floating hand in hand through Paradise, and she was telling him all about the little York children, and how she had hoped one would resemble him, but that, of course, no one could, because—well, she talked just as you or I would to anyone we loved tremendously. I was quite ashamed I'd listened. I am always ashamed, rather, to read real love scenes, and I think it was a most vulgar thing to print those love letters, not the Englishwoman's, which, of course, were make-up, but Browning's and his wife's—I've been apologizing to the Brownings often since. It did not occur to me what a vulgar thing it was to pore over their private letters until one day—but I'll remember that another time. My little lover was telling me that his baby friend cries for whatever he wants until he gets it. If it's worth having, it's worth crying for, he argues. But is it? The certainty of getting it would spoil it for me, just as I tired of that difficult game of Patience as soon as I found I could do it every time. The attainable doesn't satisfy us. If we were all sure of going to heaven it would not be half such a desirable place, do you think? We always want what is just a bit impossible. That keeps us interested, restless, striving, and is good for us. We may even hope to get it, but it is always there! My relative will probably object to my play on her words. She means hopeless of recovery of the use of my limbs, not hopeless in temperament. I won't discuss my limbs. The Queen of Spain had "no legs,"—neither will I—then we shall both be saved a lot of surmises! If I didn't see them crossed under my tea-gown, as nurse put them, I shouldn't really know they were there. The last time I felt the pair of them was when I pressed them against the mare, as she rose to that hedge. It's awfully careless to take a hunt across a field that has sunken ditches on the far side of a hedge. But for that I should have legs that would go, not lie all day crossed or uncrossed under a tea-gown as nurse happens to dress me. Nurse used to say things when she dressed me, until I told the doctor, and he forbade her. Now she sighs, which means just the same, but I shall not mention it. When it gets dusk like this, I sometimes try to remember how I came off, but it's no use. Just the grand air of a fine hunting morning, a comfortable breakfast under my belt, a feeling of freshness and goodness tingling through me, and then Mollie rising to that hedge, and my leg pressing tight to her. After that I wakened up on the bed in a farm-house.

That is seven years ago (think of it!), and they say the years between eighteen and twenty-five are the best of one's life. Well, they are over for me. Had they been as I anticipated, you see I should by this time have passed my best years. As it is, goodness knows when those will come. Nurse says I may come through all right, but nurse sighs the next moment, when she crosses or uncrosses my feet. You can't quite forget her sighs for her prophecies! Seven years! It seems like only seven weeks, seven days, but for one thing. That makes it an eternity. You know everyone else is just the same, nicer if possible, to me, but David isn't. He can't be, because he was going to marry me, and now he can't. He could, of course; there's no law against it, and as soon as I was able to see him he asked me! Think of that. We had never imagined him proposing. It had always seemed that some day when we were alone, some day after I was eighteen, David would say, "Helen!" and "no questions asked," as they say about returning lost jewelry. I should just allow him to kiss me in that way I always knew he some day would. And then he would say, or I, "Let us go and tell mother!" Probably David would have said it that very evening, for it was my birthday, and he was to dine with us. I often wonder just where it would have happened; in the library bay window, maybe; he used often to sit and smoke there and call me to sit beside him, or perhaps he'd have waited till just as he was going away, and we should have had to go up to mummie's room to tell her! David adored mummie, and she him! I believe she'd have let him see her without her cap, she was so fond of him; even bald spots weren't sacred from David! No, I think the library was better, because there were very heavy crimson curtains over the bay, and we should have been splendidly hidden for that kiss he would have given me. I shall never get that kiss now! Not because David doesn't love me and come every day of his life when he's at home to see me, and always he kisses me, but that kiss that I knew about has never been given yet. I can't just explain it. It was to say, "Bome of my bone, flesh of my flesh, and heart of my heart you are!" But who wishes for flesh and bones that have to be posed by a nurse?

(To be continued.)

### An Epicurean Cook.

Mistress (to cook)—But why do you want to leave, Mary?  
Cook—I don't like the cookery, mum.  
Mistress—Why, you cook the things yourself!  
Cook—Yes, I know, mum, but I'm only a plain cook; and I thought when I came here that you would make some tasty dishes now and again, mum.—Ex.



**TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.**

**NORTH GERMAN LLOYD**  
New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., June 25, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., July 9, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., July 31, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tues., Aug. 13, 10 a.m.  
Lahn, Tues., Aug. 20, 10 a.m.  
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tues., Aug. 27, 10 a.m.  
Grosser Kurfurst, Thurs., July 25, noon  
H. H. Meier, Thurs., Aug. 1, 10 a.m.  
Barbarossa, Thurs., Aug. 8, 11 a.m.

**MEDITERRANEAN GIBRALTAR**  
NAPLES, GENOA  
Hohenzollern, Sat., June 22, 11 a.m.  
Werra, Sat., June 23, 3 p.m.  
Aler, Sat., July 6, 11 a.m.  
Travel, Sat., July 20, 11 a.m.  
Hohenzollern, Sat., Aug. 30, 10 a.m.

**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
72 Yonge Street, Toronto

**AMERICAN LINE**  
New York—Southampton—London  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.  
St. Louis, July 17, Zealand, Aug. 21, noon  
St. Paul, Aug. 7, St. Paul, Aug. 28  
St. Louis, Aug. 11, St. Louis, Sept. 4

**RED STAR LINE**  
New York—Antwerp—Paris  
Sailing Wednesdays at noon  
Friesland, July 17, Southwark, July 31  
Pennland, July 24, Vader and, Aug. 7  
New Twin Screw Steamers calling at Cherbourg.

**International Navigation Company**  
Piers 14 and 15, N.R. Office—73 Broadway.  
Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

**River & Lake Trips**  
St. Lawrence River and Gulf and all local points.  
Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

**New York & Cuba Mail S.S. Co.**  
Nassau, Havana, Mexico and all Central American and West India Trips.

**R. M. MELVILLE, Gen. Pass. Agent, Toronto**  
Be Sure You Are Right—Then Go Ahead.

Doubtless the above is followed out by every one when it is possible, but "How are we to know?" Take a tip about the line to select when going to New York. The New York Central is best—take it and you are sure to be right. Niagara River Line steamers connect at Lewiston. All agents sell their tickets.

### Anecdotal.

Some years ago when Bishop Potter, of New York, was traveling in Minnesota, a man approached him on the railway platform and scanned his features closely. "Excuse me," he said, finally, "but haven't I seen your picture in the papers?" He was compelled to confess that he had. "I thought so," continued the inquisitive one; "may I ask what you were cured of?"

Here is a new story of Paderewski. He recently lost his only son, and the effect on him has been to soften down the little eccentricities which used to charm his less artistic followers. He went to Dresden for the first performance of his own opera. Amid the enthusiastic demonstrations which greeted his success, he observed in Russian to a friend, "All this might be dust if I could have one smile from my child!"

At a seaside hotel the other day a new arrival, having made up his mind to write his memoirs, proceeded to write his name in the hotel book. While he was so engaged a rather large flea hopped across the open page before him. "Well," he remarked, throwing down the pen, "I have been in hotels where there were fleas, but never before have I been in an hotel where the fleas search the register for the number of their rooms."

When the Transvaal war was at its height, Paul Kruger sent a commissioner to England to find out if there were any more men left there. The commissioner wired from London to say that there were four million men and women. "Knocking about the town," that there was no excitement, and that men were being sent to fight the Boers. Kruger wired back, "Go north." The commissioner found himself in Newcastle eventually, and wired to Kruger: "For God's sake, stop that war! England is bringing up men from hell, eight at a time, in cages!" He had seen a coal mine.

A quotable story is told of a missionary who was spending a short holiday in Texas. After he had been at his hotel for some days he met with a very nice-looking man of the cowboy type, who, he noticed, had anything but a sweet temper. "Do you know," he said to him one day, "that you should love your enemies?" "That's a thing I can't do, sir," "What? I am sure a man like you could do anything if you tried." "Anything but that, parson; it's impossible." "Impossible?" said the missionary, surprised and hurt. "How?" "I ain't got one to love. I shot the last this morning."

Julian Corbett may be said to have established himself as an authority on the history of the British navy. A while ago Mr. Corbett wrote to the admiralty to suggest that a new first-

class battleship then building be christened "Drake." A formal intimation that his letter had been received and should have due attention was followed, after a decent interval, by a dignified reply from Mr. Corbett's suggestion, and explained that it would be contrary to precedent to name a first-class battleship after a bird.

A Sunday School teacher who has a class of little girls makes it her custom to tell them each Sunday of some little incident that has happened during the week, and request the children to quote a verse of Scripture to illustrate the story. In this way she hopes to impress the usefulness of Biblical knowledge upon the little ones. Last Sunday she told her class of a cruel boy who would catch cats and cut their tails off. "Now, can any little girl tell me of an appropriate verse?" she asked. There was a pause for a few moments, when one little girl arose, and in a solemn voice said: "Whatsoever God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Sir Harry Poland, a British magistrate noted for his brilliancy, is careless in his dress. Once his family persuaded him to go to Poole and order a fashionable cut suit. To the chagrin of the household, Sir Harry looked more outlandish in the new clothes than in his old ones. His brother-in-law went to see Poole about it. "It is not my fault, sir," the tailor assured him. "Every care was taken, but how could we fit a gentleman who would insist upon being measured sitting down?" And the only satisfaction that could be obtained from Sir Harry Poland himself later on was the dry comment: "Well, it's my business, and not yours. I like to be comfortable. I spend three parts of my life sitting down, and I prefer to be measured so."

A Philadelphia paper tells of a bride and bridegroom who recently went to housekeeping and are blessed with a maid of all work who is fresh from the Emerald Isle. This is her first "place," and her ignorance of domestic affairs is only equalled by her adaptability and her cheerful willingness to learn. At first she didn't know the names of the ordinary household utensils, even mistaking on one occasion, when there was company at dinner, the ice pick for the carving steel. One day last week the bride had been doing some shopping, and among other things she bought an umbrella stand for the vestibule. It was late when she reached home. "Did any packages come?" she asked. "Yes, mums," was the reply. "The wagon cum wid th' espidore fer th' umbrellas."

A certain Scotch minister was very anxious that an old couple in his parish should become teetotalers, and anxiety they in no wise shared. After much pressing, however, they consented, laying down as a condition that they should be allowed to keep a bottle of "Auld Kirk" for medicinal purposes. About a fortnight after, John began to feel his resolution weakening; but he was determined not to be the first to give way. In another week, however, he collapsed entirely. "Jenny, woman," he said, "I've an awful pain in my head; 'ye micht gie me a wee drap, an' see gin it'll dae me any guid." "Weel, gudeman," she replied, "ye're owre late o' askin', for ever sin' that bottle cam' into the house, I've been bothered aw' my pains 'in my head, 'tis a' dune, an' there's nae drap left."

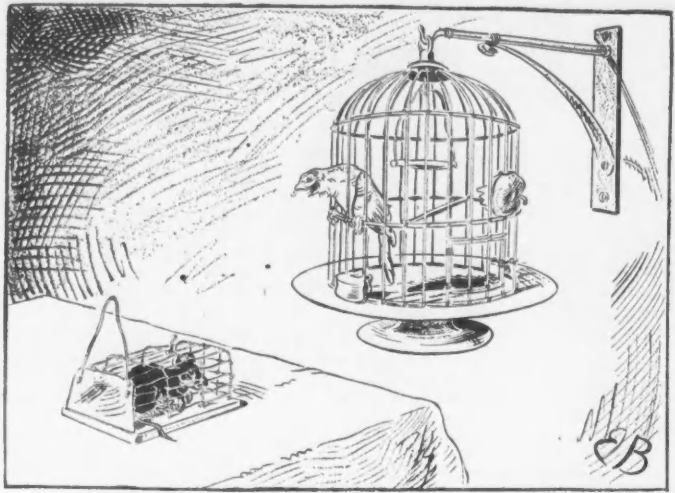
Stories of that genial Irishman, the late Dean Lauder, of Ottawa, are still being told among his friends. A gentleman was once describing a certain young clergyman in a country parish who had bewailed to the narrator his lack of a "tale," and the narrator, in reply, said, "They are completely buried in Ingewood." The Dean did not reply at once, but his answer, when he gave it, summed up the gentleman very neatly. "Humph!" he said, "small funeral, small funeral!" On another occasion, his coming caused much fluttering in a country rectory, where the daughter of the house, a young girl of eighteen, was forced through her mother's absence to do the honors. Instead of the usual and everyday porcelain teapot, she thought it only right and proper to use the silver teapot, an heirloom in the family, and precious in her mother's absence to do the honors.

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Did you hear about the guest at the Fair who was shown to a very high-up chamber, and finding no adjacent fire-escape creeping up the outer wall, remonstrated with the porter. "Good heavens! suppose there were a fire here, what would become of me?" he stormed. The son of Ham never wavered, but politely answered: "Dat would depend, sah, upon your past life!"

When you go to the Fair take luncheon in the Nebraska Sod House, a quaint little dwelling made of earth, and with grass growing on its walls and queer pillars of sod to support its funny little verandah. You will find it near the State Building. If fancy. And the cream chicken isn't to be despised.

A wee girl in Montreal caused some consternation by disappearing suddenly from her own front door and refusing to reappear for some hours. The police and everyone who knew of her loss were on the qui vive, and the



The Canary—You had better hurry and begin to sing or you'll lose your job.—July—Scribner's.

### The July Query.

A Blessed Charity. Pot-pourri.

HERE is just one question which seems to be in the air this month, and if you are about town you will be asked it at least a dozen times in a short walk—"Where are you going this summer?" What used people to do in older times, when the great migration out of the city limits did not have vogue? How did they endure the sameness of stopping quietly on in the same house, going to the same shops and church, and never grumbling? Oh! we are a progressive race, you know, and among other pestilent things have acquired the spirit of restlessness, of craving for change. Of weariness which we seek to cure by some other weariness, and which makes us trot about with our addling enquiries, "Where are you going this summer?" I think one woman made a good response. "Going crazy," said she with a laugh. "It is not far; do you want to come with me?"

A man I met to-day and upon whom I regret to confess I inflicted that question, sighed a bit wearily. "I want change very much. I should like to get away while I can, but my wife likes to stop in Toronto in summer." "Well, let her," I said, quite innocently, "and you go off to some man's place and fish and rest after your own fashion." "Ah, yes, and be upbraided all winter for my selfishness in leaving her here while I enjoy a trip, as has been the case before," he said, ruefully. "No, I'll not try it." Now, one can scarcely believe there lives such a perverse woman, unless one comes across such a foolish man; but they do live, and aren't going anywhere this summer!

Everyone is writing about the Fresh Air Fund, which is one of the sweetest and sanest of charities I know of. For seven blessed summers this charity has been giving joy and benefit untold to many a small, wizened soul by simply setting it down in Nature's lap and letting it get the good of the contact. What beautiful hours have brightened the lives of slim babies and how much good has been the result of those who understand the craving of the little ones for the country know best. And now is the time the secretary-treasurer asks for the stray dollars of the rich and benevolent, the poor and sympathetic, to send the little children away for the summer outing. There will be less sickness and distress next winter, less money spent for physic, less weary work for good doctors who never expect to be paid, less nursing by overworked mothers whose daily wage and daily work is the bread of many a small girl and boy, and nearer still, there will be the glorious good time for the little child at once, and you to blame for it. Please, good hearts, send your dollars—five if you feel like it, one if you can afford no more—to Rev. H. C. Dixon, at 15 Toronto street, and the good Lord who loves the babies only knows what surprising interest you'll draw from your investment.

Was that a pipe dream or a real, true story of the trunk that was loaded? They tell how the baggage-smasher tumbled and thumped it, and slammed it down from a height with his usual fiendish ferocity; but, glory be, the worm turned at last, and the trunk, being loaded, among other things a sportsman takes along, with some lively cartridges, promptly shot 'em off and created a diversion among the burly baggage-smashers! Every traveler who has squandered money on a smart box or a dandy portmanteau arose and gloated over the explosion of that trunk! One wide laugh was heard from the mountain, the lake and the seashore. Good old trunk! that dinged a porter and began a crusade to which Mrs. Nation's is as child's play. Let us now and then ship a new, shining, expensive trunk, and let us see what it is loaded! The smashers won't hurt it an old box. Never! but the bran, span, new trunk is the one they wait for when they are in a pitching humor!

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A wee girl in Montreal caused some consternation by disappearing suddenly from her own front door and refusing to reappear for some hours. The police and everyone who knew of her loss were on the qui vive, and the

fond parents were frantic at the loss of their "only." Visions of Cuddey kidnapers and ill-used small girls were in their disturbed minds for several hours, when the wee girl rushed into their presence, weary, odorless, but thrice happy. She had climbed into a green-grocer's cart and persuaded the boy to let her accompany him on his round of peddling. "He stood me in the onions to steady me," she said, rapturously, when mummy sniffed disgustedly after the first embrace. "And oh, it was lovely fun! I had such a time." She was fed and bathed and put to bed, and mother sternly drew down the blinds and shut out all hopes of a promised matinee. "You must lie still and think," said she solemnly, and little scapegrace bubbled gleefully from her pillow. "May I think what I want?" which rather took the ginger out of mummy, as she went off in despair of a conviction of sin for that day at least.

LADY GAY.

### The Care of the Skin in Summer.

What with our hot sun, our mosquitoes and black flies, and our extremes of heat, the skin has its own troubles during our Canadian summer, and if it is to fulfil its duties properly it must be kept in good order.

Everyone knows that the pores of the skin act as a wonderful drainage system for the body. Through their minute openings they carry off all impurities, and to allow them to do this, which by the way is one of the most important secrets of a good complexion, the skin must be kept soft and clean.

Nothing will help nature so much in this as a combination of good water, good soap and good friction with the towel.

So far as soap goes, we have in Canada a toilet soap which is really unequalled for keeping the skin in good order. It is comparatively inexpensive and easy to get, as all dealers sell it. We refer to Baby's Own Soap, made by the Albert Toilet Soap Company, Montreal.

Made from vegetable fats only—no animal grease whatever—this soap cleanses and softens, and its exquisite aroma is most delicate and pleasing. The waterworks will supply the other requisite, and with good smart friction after the bath it is surprising how free the skin will be from painful sunburns, eruptions, and how fresh and clean the complexion will become.

Try it; it is cheaper and better than any cosmetic.—Communicated.

### The First Firecracker.

There lived in China, years ago, An odd old mandarin.

Whose temper was so peppery They called him Sin-ah-shin.

He wandered through the crowded streets In search of daily bread, And wore a garment long and straight, Which once was brightest red.

But worn in all the dust and rain, In tatters and in dew, It stiffened slowly with the grime, And turned a dingy hue;

And like a cylinder became, So long, and straight, and round, It wrapped Ah-shin from head to heels, And in it he seemed bound.

And out upon the collar high This yellow queue hung down, This yellow queue hung down, This yellow queue hung down.

Was seen, but just his crown. This robe so heavy did become, That he could scarcely walk, And o'er the top of it he tried In vain, alas! to talk.

The boys they chaffed, and taunted him, And mistook at him cast, And called him shabby Sin-ah-shin, As he went dragging past.

Though Ah-shin's blood did often boil At cruel jest and jeer, The while he wore that rigid coat The lads had ne'er a fear.

And so, one pleasant July day, The gamins round Ah-shin Said, "Let us have a little fun With this old mandarin."

And stepping up appalled a torch To Ah-shin's precious queue, When flashing forth a brilliant light, They heard a noise, and whew!

They saw Ah-shin, from out their sight Go up in flame and smoke, While o'er their heads, in tiny bits, Flew pieces of his cloak.

With pent-up wrath he did explode, The poor old mandarin, And far from coats and cares, and boys, Went grimy Sin-ah-shin.

—H. M. Greenleaf in "Youth's Companion."

### Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Charlotte: It is the writing of an energetic and impulsive person of strong will, and a good deal of feeling and sentiment. Sometimes haste is undue, both in thought and action. Writer has

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## Next Season's Plays.

*Few English Plays Successful Enough to Warrant New York Production—Foreign Actors Who Will Visit America.*

INASMUCH as the London theatrical season may nearly always be taken as an index of the principal plays of the following year in America, the outlook for playgoers for next year is not very promising, remarks the New York "Sun." Only three or four plays have been really successful, and none of the authors of the first rank, such as Pinero, Jones and Cartan, are among the contributors. These comparatively old plays that are new to America give promise of good entertainment. They are *The Message* from Mars, which Charles Hawtree will bring; *The Messenger-Boy*, with which Daly's will reopen, and *Robert Marshall's* *The Second in Command*, which John Drew will produce at the Empire on September 2. *The Wilderness and Sweet* and *Twenty* are the only plays of this season's offerings in London which have been unqualifiedly successful. Charles Frohman owns both for America, but has not yet announced his plans for producing them in this country.

The failures are too numerous to enumerate. Both of the Marie Antoinette plays produced by Mrs. Langtry and Jeanette Steer have collapsed. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor made an extraordinary speech on the first night of her first play, *A Lady from Texas*. She begged the audience and the critics to be kind to her comedy, to encourage her, or it would break her heart. Mrs. O'Connor's prominence had brought forth a brilliant audience, that applauded in friendliness, but the newspapers had to tell the truth, that *A Lady from Texas* was very nearly worthless. The play represents "American" women in a position of great vulgarity and ignorance, and, coming from one of themselves (for Mrs. O'Connor was a "Statesman"), is not likely to be a welcome novelty in the Land of the Free.

The Silver Slipper, a new comic opera, was produced on the same night at the Lyric Theatre in London. This had been anxiously looked forward to as it is Leslie Stuart's second effort as a comic opera composer. His sprightliness and originality in tunes in *Florodora*, combined with a far better technical knowledge and musical appreciation than is possessed by any of England's comic opera composers, with the possible exception of Sidney Jones, excited unusual interest in a second score from him. Mr. Stuart is generally accepted in England as the legitimate successor to Sir Arthur Sullivan—that is, in comic opera, though, of course, not in all the phases of that great composer's genius. The score of *The Silver Slipper* is said to be excellent, technically as good as *Florodora*, though whether as catchy in airs only time can tell. Owen Hall's book gets little praise. In fact, it is said to be so bad as to have almost made a failure of the production. But *Florodora*, which has run through the whole season at the New York Casino, was so handicapped at the start.

If the schemes of Charles Frohman and George C. Tyler go through, Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse will appear in New York next winter. If these two players come the greatest actresses of three nationalities will appear in New York in a single season, as Ellen Terry of England is positively coming. Miss Terry will have her best opportunity as the washerwoman duchess in *Madame Sans-Gene*, though she will repeat some of her famous Shakespearean performances. The Irving-Terry repertoire is being arranged. *Coriolanus* will be the principal play, and the only novelty besides *Madame Sans-Gene*. Sir Henry's Saturday night plays—*The Bells*, *Louis XI.* and *The Lyons Mail*—will be used. The Shakespearean revivals will include a few performances of *The Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night* and *Much Ado About Nothing*, the last two not having been used in America by Irving and Terry for several years.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have given up their American tours, and Forbes Robertson remains in doubt. Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Robertson have good repertoires, but each lacks a strong enough leading new play. Mrs. Campbell, who used to be a co-star with Mr. Robertson, gave *The Sacrament of Judas* to him as a wedding present when he married Gertrude Elliott. As a one-act play it had been very successful, but it has failed utterly in an extended version. So Mr. Robertson has only *Hamlet*, *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet* to bring to America, and will probably stay away. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, after the failure of *The Likeness of the Night*, depended

upon *Secret Orchard*, but this, too, shows too little merit to warrant a sea voyage. Olga Nethersole has decided to rest all next season in England in an effort to regain her health.

The English actors, besides Irving and Terry, who have decided positively to act in America next year, are Edward S. Willard, Charles Hawtree, Martin Harvey, Kyle Belley and Weedon Grossmith. All but Mr. Willard have settled on their plays. Mr. Hawtree will use *A Message from Mars*, starting in New York at the Garrick in October, and saving *The Man from Blankley's* for a possible second American tour the succeeding year. Mr. Belley will appear in an American company in *A Gentleman of France*. Mr. Grossmith will bring *The Night of the Party*, the success of which made him decide to come. Mr. Harvey will use a repertoire which has a *Cigarette-Maker's Romance* for a foundation. Additions will include a Shakespearean drama, undoubtedly *Hamlet* or *Romeo and Juliet*. He recently produced, at the Apollo Theatre, a realistic coster tragedy in one act, called *Toff Jim*. A play by the Rev. Freeman Wills, who wrote *The Only Way*, will be Mr. Harvey's production. It is called *Out of the Deep*, and is about Eugene Aram. Mr. Wills' brother, William Gorman Wills, wrote the *Eugene Aram* drama that Sir Henry Irving used. Other plays that Mr. Harvey will stage in America are *No Thoroughfare*, by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and possibly *The Only Way*, in which he made his first success in London as an actor-manager.

## "Summer."

Save when the robin's laughter wakes  
An echo in the wood,  
Save when the stream's low murmur breaks  
That charm of solitude,  
All, all is silent but the trees  
That bend their heads to hear  
The tale of love the vagrant breeze  
Has whispered far and near.  
There, 'neath the forest's shaded gleams,  
Within the vale I lie  
And in the haze of summer dreams  
Let hour on hour go by.  
All, all is silent, while the voice  
Of nature softly charms,  
And there I muse, and there rejoice,  
Afar from all alarms.  
—Eileen Benson.

## A Schoolboy's Sorrows.

The sorrows of a Western schoolboy and his parents are pathetically set forth in the following letter recently received by a school teacher:  
"Sir,—Will you please for the future give my son easier some to do at nights. This is what he's brought home to or three nites back:—If four bottles of beer will fill thirty to pint bottles, how many pint and half bottles will nine Gallons of beer fill? We tried and could make nothing out of it at all and my boy cried and sed he didn't dare go back in the mornins without doing it. So I had to go and buy a nine-gallon keg of beer, which I could ill afford to do, and then he went and borrowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles, and then counted them and there were 19, and my boy put the

number down for an answer. I don't know weather it is rite or not, as we split some while doing it.  
"P.S.—Please let the next some be in water, as I am not able to buy more here."

## Fed on Milk.

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Many a sufferer from Dyspepsia cannot eat the food of ordinary healthy mortals. Certain meats, certain dishes of various kinds must not be taken. "It disagrees with me," explains the victim when pressed to take some, oftentimes, quite ordinary and wholesome article of diet. "I never touch it." Pains and penalty follow if this rule is disregarded.

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But the case of Joseph J. Arbour of Porce, Que., is greater than this. For six months Mr. Arbour could not eat a scrap of solid food. His stomach had absolutely broken down. He was literally starving. Life was kept in his body only by feeding him milk.

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To-day Mr. Arbour's stomach can digest anything in the way of food he likes to eat. He used seven boxes of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They digested the food while the stomach rested; he was able to eat solid nourishment; he grew strong and his stomach finally regained its power of perfect digestion.

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## Annexing New Languages.

In the new editions of the dictionaries many thousands of new words are announced. The English-speaking nations are the growing nations, comments an exchange, and the English language is the expanding language: it is annexing everything useful from every other language of the world. The difference between the comparatively modest volume which Noah Webster got out and the ponderous unabridged work of to-day, representing the toil and the knowledge and the research

of hundreds of the ablest scholars of the world, shows the marvelous development. One interesting feature of this expansion is the gradual elimination of italics. Not many years ago it was the custom to put any word that had a foreign look about it in italics; now we use this as our own as coolly as we vote a naturalized immigrant in a close primary. The effect is rather curious. It has discouraged the use of foreign phrases, and the ambitious one who wants to display his smattering of French in an English article finds his importations supplanted by home products. The editor makes the change, unless there are special reasons why it should not be done. The gain to the average reader, who dislikes to stumble against such affectation without knowing what the strange words mean, is great. So marked, indeed, has been this change that the typesetting machines, by which the newspapers of the world are now set up, have no italic letters, except where they are especially required.

## Uncle Sam.

"Uncle Sam" was invented about the time of the American War of 1812. Two inspectors of war supplies of Troy, N. Y., were named Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson.

A workman in their employ was making a lot of casks received from one Elbert Anderson, a New York contractor, which were stamped "E. A.—U.S." Somebody asked the workman what these marks meant, and he replied that they probably meant "Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding to Inspector Samuel Wilson, who was locally spoken of as "Uncle Sam." Thus the initials of the United States were transformed by a local joke into a national sobriquet which will doubtless last as long as the Republic.

The nickname "Brother Jonathan" dates back to the time when General Washington went to Massachusetts to take command of the Revolutionary Army. Finding a great lack of ammunition and other supplies, he turned to Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut for aid and received it, and in many emergencies of that period he used the phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The expression quickly became nationally current.

## The Annihilation of Solitude.

"WONDERFUL and yet more wonderful is the progress made with wireless telegraphy," remarks the London "Outlook," "but wonderful only for a day. The day after sees it become commercial at the rate of sixpence-halfpenny per word." That was the charge on board the Cunard steamer "Lucania," which has been fitted with the Marconi apparatus, and gave it a practical and successful trial on a recent Sunday. Far out on the open sea, cut off from

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all visible connection with land, those on board were able to transmit messages to lightships, passing vessels, and to the shore by the mysterious electric waves, and receive answers by the same means. Electricity, in fact, is transforming the whole conditions of human existence. There is nothing it cannot assist us to do; by and by it may even be made to think for us. Perhaps it will turn out to be life and thought itself. In the form of the Roentgen rays it makes our bodies transparent; a short time and it may lay bare our thoughts. The man who



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looks upon the solitude and quiet of the ocean as tedious need no longer be unoccupied; he shall have the doings of dry land brought to him each moment by electric currents. In a little time, we may be sure, the hour's news will follow the railway traveler along the line and be reproduced by some ticking apparatus in the train. We shall all have sixpenny pocket transmitters and keep ourselves in touch with business and our families during the holidays; the tops of mountains shall no longer be seclusion, and it shall go well with us if we are allowed to lie still in our graves. Thought transmission will be perfected soon, and by means of electric waves we shall all think the same thing at the same time without the trouble of reading, reckoning or writing. Instead of "three R's" there will be one "is;" everybody will be the same and nobody anybody. Then we shall wish we had never been born. Meantime a new word is wanted for these mid-Atlantic communications. "Wire" is now nonsense, "telegraph" also. What is the word to be?

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**T**HE announcement is made that the Senate of the University of Toronto has abandoned its intention of instituting music examinations for this year, but will decide upon a definite scheme to be inaugurated next year. It is to be regretted that the Senate has not seen its way clear to open these examinations this year. The professional musicians of the province, alarmed at the invasion of the examiners of the Associated Board of London, England, petitioned the Senate about a year ago to include music in its series of examinations, and it was expected that some action would have been taken before this.

I am glad to note that the gold medal in piano-playing in this year's competition at the Conservatory of Music was won by Miss Eugenie Quehen, the clever young pianist, whose recent performance of a very exacting programme in the graduating recital of that institution gained for her so much praise from the critical audience present on the occasion. Miss Quehen will be heard in several public recitals during the coming season, when a number of important works will be included in the programmes. During the period of her study under Mr. A. S. Vogt's instruction Miss Quehen has taken a leading place among resident Canadian soloists.

Mr. Douglas H. Bertram, the brilliant young pianist whose playing has been among the most prominent features of the recent local season, will sail on August 10 from New York for a few years' sojourn in Berlin, Germany, where he will continue his studies under the best masters of that great art center. Miss Alice Robinson, another very talented performer, also sails for Berlin during the first week in August, to pursue her studies there for several years. Still another gifted pianist, Mr. Leslie G. Hodgson, intends leaving for Germany in the autumn, but will give a public recital in October previous to his departure. The high standard of excellence attained by these soloists while under the instruction of Mr. Vogt justifies the expectation of a further development of their talents abroad, where they are certain to uphold the credit of Canadian art.

It is reported that all the seats for the coming Bayreuth festival have been sold, most of them having been bought by Germans who take a special interest in this year's festival because it marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first representation of the Nibelung's Ring. There has been a great falling off in the number of tickets sold to English and Americans.

The eminent solo pianist, Teresa Carreno, has, it seems, a daughter, Teresita Carreno, who has adopted her mother's profession, in spite of opposition from the latter. She recently gave a recital in Stockholm, Sweden, and won a critical triumph.

No fewer than seventy concerts were given in old London during the week ended June 15. The newspaper critics must have had a hard time of it.

Edward Zeldner, the Dutch pianist, who recently created so great a sensation in London, will visit America, and will open his tournee in New York in November. He is credited with possessing a prodigious technique, abundance of temperament and sympathy, and much versatility of interpretation. In London he is termed an emotional player, although elsewhere he has been styled a devotee of Bach. He has won numerous triumphs on the European continent.

A curious mistake in translation is noted in Eulenburg's Berlioz scores. In Arthur Smolian's introduction to the Symphonie Fantastique of the French master there is a sentence as follows: "And where could there be anything more thrilling than the Introductory Adagio of the same symphony, this movement woven as it were out of glowing tears and breathing sighs?" The English translator has confused the word *satz* (movements) with *satz* (sail), with the result that we get the following: "And where can one find anything more impressive than the interesting Adagio of the same symphony, this sail, condensed, as it were, from burning tears and despondent sighs?"

It will be a great departure from tradition if the London County Council should be prevailed upon to make a grant towards the production of opera. Mr. Moody of the Moody-Manners Opera company is, however, endeavoring to get a subvention for the lyric drama. The chief features of his scheme are: A theater to be taken for a month's run of opera in English, with a capital of \$15,000, two-thirds of which would be contributed by Mr. Manners, the Council to have charge of the finances and Mr. Manners to undertake the management; the Council to pay itself back its subvention, and Mr. Manners to receive his \$10,000 back and the profits, if any, of the month.

Mr. Watkin Mills, the eminent English basso, after a very busy season in the English provinces, is now summering at his seaside home at Torquay, Devonshire. He will be in America in April, May and June of 1902, under the sole direction of Mr. W. Spencer Jones of Brockville.

Of Mr. W. Millard McCammon's recent appearance at a concert in Cobourg the "Star" of that town says: "Much of the success of the concert was due to Mr. W. Millard McCammon of Toronto, a talented pupil of Mr. Rechab Tandy of the Toronto Con-

servatory of Music. Mr. McCammon possesses a full, effective tenor robust, and besides has the peculiar knack of pleasing an audience, which does not count for naught." The "World" says: "Mr. W. Millard McCammon, Toronto, who is studying under Mr. Tandy, is the possessor of a robust tenor voice of much power and promise. Mr. McCammon's enunciation was admirable, and his unassuming manner and able rendering won much commendation."

The Renfrew "Mercury" waxes enthusiastic over the singing of Scotch songs by Mr. Alfred Sturrock and Miss Laura Sturrock at the concert of the Sons of Scotland on Dominion Day last night. In its very original criticism of the event one finds the following lucid description of Mr. Sturrock's singing: "The best thing was 'The Standard on the Braes of Mar,' a grand martial song, by Alf. Sturrock, and sung with a fire and expression that garred yea bluid rin faster than wis at the safe in a night of sic heat. He carried ye clean awa' mairch'ing wi' 'Clanranald's men, McDonald's men,' an' a' the lave o' them afore ye weel kent whaur ye war. As muckle guld o' mair may be said about that grandly wild an' weird sang, 'The McGregors' Gathering,' the hall speerit o' Celtic vengeance and defiance breathes thro' ilka line o't, excep' a line or twa whaur the hert turns tae the sufferin' o' its ain; an' the speerit o' lamentation breaks in. It wis sung sae as to bring out the vera hert an' soul o' the sang, an' nae mair can be said."

"The sang, 'Call'er Herring,' by Miss Sturrock, wis sung in a wye that'll mak us a' dooms hard tae please the naist time we hear it. It taks a voice o' uncommon range, wi' baith strength an' sweetness, tae sing this sang juist as it sould be sung. The bravura (I'm jalousin' that's Italian or someither far awa' tongue, but I think that's what they ca't) pairs an' the soft piano pairs were baith dune in bonnie style; ae bit o't juist as gude's anither, an' the hall o't mair excellent."

Mr. Torrington had intended to spend his vacation in England, but as he has been notified that his services will probably be required in connection with the musical celebration at the reception of the Duke of Cornwall and York, he will have to forego his trip in order to organize and drill the adults' chorus. The committee on legislation and reception of the City Council have so far made public a mere outline only of their scheme for the musical events, but it is expected that they will settle the details at an early meeting.

Mr. Edward F. Zeigler has an article in the current number of the Boston "Musical World" on the fetishism of oratorio. He makes it must be admitted, some very good points. He says: "The craving for oratorio—if such a thing really exists—is always stilled by the Messiah or Elijah with a yearly change of soloists. Novelties, be they good or bad, are solemnly rejected, and are seldom if ever repeated, while the two works aforementioned annually blossom out afresh during the season in which oratorio flourishes. And how much a person of set habits the oratorio-goer has become, is proved by the consistent fact that invariably when the Messiah is produced, he stands throughout the Hallelujah chorus with a semblance of devotion worthy of a better cause. Now this chorus is not one whit more religious either in music or words than a score of other episodes in the work. But simply because some two and a half centuries ago an English king took it into his head—who knows for what reason?—to stand during this particular passage, his action is repeated to-day unquestioned, by every Messiah audience." He proceeds to ask: "How can one become reconciled to having a profoundly religious text spread to cover this music (the Messiah), where phrases of words are drawn out to endless lengths, and syllables divorced by groups of notes hurtling up hill and down dale, exhausting the singer's breath and the auditor's patience? He deplores the growing craze for monster choruses in connection with oratorio, and says that this in itself does away with all possibility of attaining artistically fine results. In an oratorio chorus the principal aim seems to be a large number of singers and a bulky body of tone."

Speaking of Sauer, whose playing in Toronto a few seasons ago delighted our concert-goers, the "Pall Mall Gazette" describes him as "the Rider Haggard of the piano." The writer of the article adds: "He is extremely melodramatic, and he has a singular sense of contrast. He has a certain rugged and persistent strength which he uses to its ultimate effect at all times. His technical skill is quite extraordinary; his memory is even more extraordinary; and his pertinacity is the most extraordinary of all the qualities which he possesses." This description does not at all convey the impression which Sauer's playing made in Toronto. But as Sauer played in the Massey Hall when here, the rugged strength of which the "Pall Mall Gazette" speaks was probably softened to delicacy in the large auditorium of our big concert hall.

Somebody has discovered a musician in the north of England who appends to his name the initials C.O. He was asked what they meant, and whether they had anything to do with the Royal College of Organists. But he replied that they simply meant "Church Organist," and that they had put scores of pounds into his pockets. A London critic truly observes that a man with any sort of alphabetical affixes stands a better chance of obtaining pupils in bucolic districts than a better man whose name is not thus similarly ornamented.

According to London "Truth," Mr. Corder some years ago discovered a very fine and dramatic cantata of Purcell, entitled Saul, or The Witch of Endor, and for fun during one of his holidays scored it in the severely Wagnerian style. He had it tried over by some of the students of the Royal

Academy of Music, when they were astonished to find how readily the Wagner method agreed with Purcell's more simple manner.

Mrs. Elsa MacPherson, the well-known pianist of this city, is spending the summer with Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler at Elkhart Lake, Wis.

Eduard Barton, Professor of Singing at the College of Music, leaves next Tuesday for the Western coast, accompanied by Mrs. Barton and baby, and Mrs. West, from England (Mrs. Barton's mother), for a five or six weeks' tour, returning at the end of August.

If the concerts to be given at Grimsby Park during the present season are of the same order of merit as the piano recital given by the gifted young pianist, Miss May Wookey, who is a pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth of Toronto, the whole scheme will be one of gratifying brilliance. This young lady charmed her audience by piano playing so brilliantly poetic and charmingly refined as to recall the playing of much more distinguished performers. Repeat tenderness, intelligence and a splendid technical equipment are united in her performances, and at the conclusion of a programme played from memory of some fourteen numbers by a variety of composers, she was most enthusiastically applauded. Miss Wookey had the assistance of Miss Grace L. Awrey of Hamilton and Mr. Edwin B. Jackson of Toronto, who each sang so beautifully as to be obliged to respond to encores. Mr. W. O. Forsyth played the accompaniments.

CHERUBINO.

### A Coin's Queer History.

**T**HERE is a proprietor of a popular cafe in a downtown cross street who guards as his chief treasure a worn and battered coin which was struck from the mint in 1839, says the New York "Mail and Express." The coin is only a 25-cent piece, but it is safe to say that \$25 could not buy it, and the reason why is this:

When the owner of the coin opened his cafe shortly after the Civil War he chose a good location, and this fact, coupled with his own vigorous personality, brought him a flourishing trade. His business grew rapidly, and another cafe was opened by a rival directly across the street. The newcomer announced that he was after a part of the trade in the neighborhood and that, what was more, he was going to get it. His attitude was distinctly defiant, and the customers of the established cafe wagged their heads solemnly and said that trouble was brewing.

On the day that the new cafe was opened a crowd of idlers filled the place and waited for something to happen. They were not disappointed, for in the middle of the morning in strolled the restaurateur from across the street, and, throwing a shining quarter on the bar, he asked his rival to have something to drink. So the men drank, while the crowd gaped and wondered who would strike the first blow. But no blows were struck. On the contrary, during the afternoon the owner of the new cafe took the same coin which his rival had used in the morning, and, walking across the street, he dropped it.

The operation was repeated the next day, and every day for thirty years. Meantime the piece of money grew worn and old, and the two men grew worn and old, too. At last the proprietor of the newer cafe died, and the other man was the chief mourner at his funeral, and when it was all over he put the battered quarter in a safe place and vowed never to part with it this side of the line separating him from one who had been both his rival and his friend.

### Jack's Good Time Ashore.

Rear-Admiral F. J. Higginson, U.S.N., who was a guest at the Young Men's Christian Association Convention in Boston lately, and spoke at the "Army and Navy meeting" on "The Navy's Need and the Association's Response," told a story illustrating the work done for Jack ashore at the Young Men's Christian Association branch opposite the Navy Yard in Brooklyn.

One old tar who had just returned from foreign service, and had drawn his back pay, amounting to \$700, went straight to the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association and deposited with him \$50 for safe keeping. He then proceeded to enjoy himself, sailor fashion, and returned to the association building late in the evening very happy and very drunk, but without a cent of the \$50 he had started out with. He went at once to the secretary and asked for \$50, with which to continue his spree, but the secretary, seeing his condition, gave him only \$2.

Next morning when Jack had somewhat recovered and was ready to start for home, he withdrew his money. "Look here," he said, after counting it, "I don't want to rob you. You have given me \$18 too much. I left \$50 with you originally and afterward drew out \$50, so I would now have only \$600. You have given me \$648."

"Oh, no," replied the secretary, "you asked for \$50, but I gave you only \$2."

"Is that so?" said Jack. "Well, I never knew the difference. And, do you know," he added, as an afterthought, "I had just as good a time with that \$2 as I could have had with \$50."

### Mr. Moody's Successor.

One of the London newspapers, in reporting that Mr. Campbell Morgan had taken leave of his congregation, says that he left as his parting advice, to the female members of his flock especially, that they should not accuse their new pastor of unorthodoxy merely because he enjoyed a good, healthy novel. "Church-goers, especially in Non-conformist circles, have always tacitly recognized the right of the ladies of the congregation to supervise the minister's books and his wife's behavior," Mr. Morgan, therefore, only experienced the common lot of pastors when he received a letter stating that a fe-

male who "sat under him" had received a rude shock to her moral fibre by reading, in an interview with her minister, published in a religious journal, that he actually enjoyed reading a good novel. "Did Moses, or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, or St. Paul, or any other biblical man, ever read novels? No. Therefore ministers should not," Mr. Morgan contented himself by replying that he not only liked a good romance, but hoped to be able to continue the enjoyment for many years to come; and he added, in narrating the fact to his congregation, that this spirit of narrow criticism and of interference with other people's business or life, introduces bitterness where all should be peace and harmony, and often puts an embargo on a man's power of doing good.

### Process Too Expensive.

Warts are curious things. They come and go mysteriously, although their going is frequently marked by exasperating delay, and there are almost as many infallible cures as there are warts, the only trouble with these cures being that they are useless when applied to the particular wart you happen to have. They are only good for other people's.

"In my opinion," said a club-man, who was discussing the subject with a friend one day, "a wart is merely the outward correspondence of some mental excretion. Get rid of that, and it goes away."

"Let me give you a bit of my own experience," he continued. "Last year I went to Europe. For about three years I had had a wart on my little finger, on which I had tried everything I could hear of, but without effect. It only grew larger."

"Well, in the excitement of preparing for the trip, and of the journey itself, I forgot all about my wart, and when I looked for it, about six weeks later, it had vanished, without leaving the slightest mark. I simply forgot it, and it had no mental condition to feed on. I see you have one on the back of your hand. Forget all about it for a few weeks, and it will go away of itself."

"Yes," said the other club-man, shrugging his shoulders, "but I can't afford to take a trip to Europe for the sake of curing one wart."

### Respectfully Referred.

As the "Green Bag" has it, Chief Justice Marshall used to narrate with great gusto the following correspondence on a point of honor between Governor Giles of Virginia and Patrick Henry:

"Sir," wrote the governor, "I understand that you have called me a booby politician. I wish to know if it be true, and if true, your meaning."

"W. R. Giles."

Patrick Henry's reply came promptly:

"Sir, I do not recollect calling you a booby politician at any time, but I think it probable that I have. I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."

"Very respectfully,"

"Patrick Henry."

This was leaving it to Giles with a vengeance, but as there was no further correspondence, the Governor of Virginia must have read satisfaction somewhere between the lines of Patrick Henry's brilliantly equivocal reply.

Being asked his age, a colored citizen in a village near Atlanta replied:

"Well, suh, I some older dan dat pine tree yander; I'll bet younger dan dat live-oak be de gate; en not quite so ol' ez de house whar I livin' at. I ain't count on fingers mysef, but you kin count up en see!"

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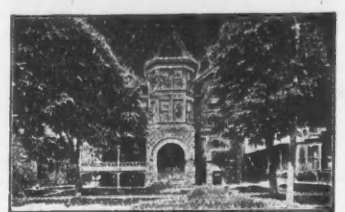
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### Social and Personal.

Mrs. J. Juchereau Kingsmill and her young daughters have gone to Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe. Miss Edith Perry of Walmer road is on a visit to Mrs. E. R. C. Clarkson, in Muskoka.

Mr. J. A. O. Carmichael of the Canadian Bank of Commerce has been moved to the branch of the bank at Sandon, B.C.

A big party of tourists from Omaha, Neb., arrived in town on Thursday and put up at the Arlington. A soiree musicale, at which the Sherman Mandolin Quartette played, delighted the guests during the evening. Mr. Ward has made his bright hostelry "American Rendezvous."

Captain Wyatt and Major D. M. Robertson are taking a trip to the Old Country together. As I am told it's a first offence for each of these smart young men, we need not wish them every happiness, we who are unfortunately biased of what will so delight our travelling friends.

Mrs. George Dunstan has gone to Rossenayne, Muskoka. Professor and Mrs. Ellis are summering in Prince Edward Island. Miss Louise Worts and Miss Marmion have started on a tour round the world. Miss Audrey is visiting Mrs. Becher at Sylvan Tower, Rosedale. Mr. and Mrs. Brouse have taken a cottage at Center Island.

Next Monday evening will be band concert night at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. A crack band has been engaged for the evening.

Rev. Elmore Harris and Mrs. Harris and their daughters have gone to Lake Rosseau, Muskoka. Lady Thompson of Derwent Lodge and the Misses Thompson are in Muskoka for the summer. Miss Kathleen Taylor is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ross Gooderham. Miss Murphy of Ottawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. Warwick. Mrs. Willie Galbraith and her son are spending the summer at Hotel Brant. Mrs. Alfred Denison is on a short visit to her mother, Mrs. Sandys of Chatham. Mrs. Howitt is on a visit to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Charles Winstanley. Dr. Howitt is expected later from Mexico, and a trip for the party will probably be arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour have gone away for a holiday. Mr. Jack Gilmour is at present stationed in the bank at Copper Cliff, Sudbury, where he and the other homesick young men are often most delightfully entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Theo Coleman.

On Wednesday afternoon in Hamilton occurred the marriage of Mr. Arthur King, a well-known and popular resident of Toronto, son of Mr. William King, a prominent citizen of Ottawa, and Miss Flora Duluth Barnes, daughter of Mr. Thomas Barnes of Hamilton. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, and the bridal group comprised only the bride's sister, Miss Violet Barnes, who attended her, and the brother of the groom, Mr. Walter King of Ottawa, who was best man. The many friends of Mr. King at Center Island were wishing him long and happy years on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem have gone to Seabright, New Jersey, for the vacation. Mrs. Arthur of Ravenswood and Mrs. Greene and her little girl are also, I hear, choosing Seabright for a summer home.

Mrs. Jasper Barry, widow of the late Vicar of Rolstone, with her two small sons, whilst en route to England last Thursday visited her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. B. Barry, of Spadina avenue.

Miss Rose Macdonald of Vancouver is the guest of Miss Allayne Jones of Pine Hill road, Rosedale. Mrs. Carveth and Mrs. Macdonald and Mr. Melbourne Oliver are at their cottage at Long Branch. The two younger daughters of Judge Falconbridge have come home for the summer holidays from their school in Montreal. The family are spending the summer in town and at the Island.

Quite a number of Toronto's smart set took a trip to Cobourg on Thursday to attend the marriage of Mr. Clive Pringle, a most popular ex-Torontonian, and Miss Cornell, daughter of that very charming woman, Madame Albertini. A full account of the marriage will be given next week.

Mrs. and Miss Agnes Young have gone to Honey Harbor, Georgian Bay, for the summer. Mr. Justice Street, Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Street have gone to St. Andrew's, N.B., for the vacation. Major and Mrs. William Forester have returned from the East.

Miss Lillian and Miss Queenie Southgate, Norfolk Villa, Moore Park, are spending July with Mrs. W. J. McFarland, Markdale.

Mr. John R. Brodie, one of Montreal's very popular young men, was in Toronto this week on his return from the Pan-American. Mr. Brodie is the clever inside home of the Montreal Lacrosse Club and a member of the M.A.A.A. senior seven and an all-round athlete.

Mr. Henry A. Christmas, one of the popular Messrs. Christmas of Montreal, was in Toronto yesterday on business, and left by the steamer Toronto for Montreal. Mr. Christmas is the energetic coach and manager of the Britannia Rugby Club of Montreal.

Dr. Ham has gone to Devonshire to visit his people. Mr. Mackenzie of Benvenuto has returned from England. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robinson of Beverley House went to England last week. Mrs. Mann and Miss Williams are summering at Riviere du Loup.

Dr. James H. Kelsey of Spadina avenue and Mr. R. A. McIntosh of Euclid avenue are summering at "Harrowgate" Camp, Lee Grove, Kew Beach.

Mr. Bruce H. Curry, who is summering at Rice Lake, has forwarded to Dr.

E. Herbert Adams a fine maskinonge and some black bass as a sample of his prowess with the rod near Gore's Landing, on Rice Lake.

A recent number of the "Ladies Field," London, contains the following: A young Canadian soprano (who has a gift for "pure song"), Miss Hope Morgan, gave a concert last week at the Salle Erard. Her programme included songs by Mozart, Schubert, Rubinstein, Tschalkowsky, Bach, Ricci and Frances Allitsen. It is a wide range, but Miss Hope Morgan is a good musician first and an artist after, and I regret that lack of space does not permit me to treat in detail of her work at this moment.

A very quiet, pretty wedding was that of Miss Agnes Bertha Armitage, daughter of the late Alexander Armitage of the Toronto Board of Trade, to Mr. Thomas Francis Hanley of Chicago, last Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, in Holy Trinity Church, Toronto. Rev. Dr. Pierson performed the ceremony, and Mr. Blackburn presided at the organ. The bride wore a white silk organdie, finished with a bertha and collar of rare point lace, and a necklace of pearls. A white chiffon hat and a large bouquet of American Beauty roses finished this dainty costume. The bridesmaids, Miss Almee Armitage, a sister of the bride, and Miss Mayme Dawson, were attired in gray and white, and blue and white organdies over white silk. They wore Leghorn hats and carried bouquets of white candytuft and pink and white sweet peas. Mr. Stewart B. Burns acted as best man, and Mr. W. R. Scott gave the bride away. The happy couple left on the evening train for Muskoka Lakes, and will visit the Pan-American before taking up their residence in Chicago.

Mrs. W. A. Clarke and the Misses Clarke of Avenue road are summering at Jackson's Point. Master Roy Clarke is visiting friends at Windermere.

Mrs. Curran of Detroit is visiting her mother, Mrs. Fawcett, Grenville street.

A delightful picnic was given for Mrs. W. A. Skirrow of Toronto on Wednesday to Christie's Lake, Perth, followed by a dance in the evening. Some excellent music was rendered by Perth's male quartette.

Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Ross of Huntley street are leaving town on Monday for Summerside, Prince Edward Island, for a month's vacation.

Miss Hiam of Montreal is visiting Mrs. Charles Fuller, who, with her family, is at Center Island for the summer.

The many friends of Mrs. Church will be sorry to hear of her serious illness at her daughter's, Mrs. Byfield, Lakeview avenue, Balm Beach. Mrs. Church is one of Toronto's oldest and most respected residents. She has suffered from heart failure for over a year.

Mrs. M. A. Thomas and Miss Adele Thomas have gone to Windermere, Muskoka, to spend a few weeks.

### Reminder to Readers.

To ensure your receiving "Saturday Night" while absent on vacation, it will be only necessary for you to inform this office or your newsdealer. Subscription 20 cents per month, or three months 50 cents.

### Faded Pictures.

Only two patient eyes to stare out of the canvas. All the rest—The warm green gown, the small hands pressed Light in the lap, the braided hair That must have made the sweet low brow So earnest, centuries ago. When some one saw it change and glow—All faded! Just the eyes burn now.

I dare say people pass and pass Before the blistered frame, And dingy work without a name Stuck in behind its square of glass.

But I, well, I left Raphael Just to come drink these eyes of hers, To think away the stains and blurs And make all new again and well.

Only, for tears my head will bow, Because there on my heart's last wall, Scarce one tint left to tell it all, A picture keeps its eyes, somehow. —William Vaughn Moody.

### A Quaint Custom Grown Obsolete.

THE ceremony, says "Modern Society," which took place at Marlborough House the other day, when a deputation of the subscribers who presented the Dymoke suit of armor to the King waited upon His Majesty to hand over this historic relic, was a very interesting one. As most people know, the King's Champion no longer rides into Westminster Hall at the coronation, and throws down his gauntlet, challenging to mortal combat whoever would dare to deny the new sovereign's right to the throne. This suit of armor is a beautiful bit of Elizabethan workmanship, and bears Her Majesty's monogram and the date 1585. It was made for Sir Christopher Hatton, the gallant deputy of Queen Bess's court. In the absence of the Duke of Norfolk, His Grace of Marlborough acted as spokesman of the little band of donors, which included Earl Howe, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Rothschild, and others. King Edward received them and their gift very graciously, and intends the armor to be placed in Windsor Castle and preserved as the property of the Crown.

The King's acceptance of the Dymoke suit of armor seems to be generally regarded, though without absolute reason, as a proof that the King's Champion will never again be seen at the coronation. Mr. Frank Scaman Dymoke of Scarsville Court, Horncastle, the present holder of the office, was born in 1862, and succeeded his father in 1893 in the possession of the estate, which it was formerly understood, would be forfeited to the Crown

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Frederick Lyonde

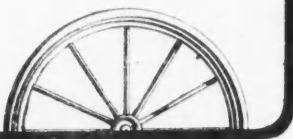
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if the occupier failed to appear, or sent a deputy, mounted on horseback, to challenge, in Westminster Hall, at the coronation banquet, all who should deny the crowned King to be the lawful sovereign of these realms. This historic ceremony was last performed at the coronation of George I., by Henry Dymoke, as deputy of his father, a clergyman, and soon after the accession of Queen Victoria he was created a knight, in consideration of his valuing his claim to fulfil the duty of his ancient office by again throwing down the gauntlet. The armor he had worn, and which had become the perquisite of the family, was sold at Christie's in 1887 for £1,400. It was resold for about £5,000, and, after passing through various hands, has now been returned to the Crown.

Most of the regular patrons of our studio spend the heated term out of town. This renders new patrons a necessity that our staff of 14 SPECIALISTS may have constant employment.

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CHARLOTTE (Port of Rochester) \$2.50  
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Steamers leave daily except Sunday 3:30 p.m. for Charlotte, 1:00 Island Point, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Saguenay River.

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Steamers leave 7 p.m. for Bay of Quinte, 1,000 Islands, Rapids, St. Lawrence to Montreal and intermediate ports.  
Low Rates for Single and Return Tickets  
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5 Trips Daily (except Sunday.)

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On and after MONDAY, JUNE 17, steamers will leave Yonge street wharf (east side) at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4:30 p.m. for Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston, connecting with New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, Michigan Central Railroad, Niagara Falls Park and River Railroad and Niagara Gorge Railroad.  
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Not a figuring blend, such as freckles, pimples, can, wrinkles, etc., found on the face of the woman who uses

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It cleanses the pores and nourishes the skin, causing it to reveal the velvety texture of youth. Sold by most druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of 25c. by The Hutchings Medicine Co., Toronto.

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Nothing but "Le Beaute" will keep your complexion clear and protect it from sunburn. MADAM L. A. BELLE'S greatest discovery. Write for your cream and receive "Le Beaute" free of charge. It does not Peel, Burn or Irritate the most delicate skin.

"Le Beaute," "Le Beaute," "Le Beaute," Do not neglect to procure Madame La Belle's "Le Beaute."

Belle's most wonderful "Le Beaute."

"It is the Present Sensation of Canada"

Superfluous Hair, Chlorepod, Manicuring, at Madame La Belle's parlors. Write for list of all work done in her office during her absence.

What is consistency? It certainly is not the man who calls woman vain, and then decks himself in a secret society uniform.—EX.

## Superfluous Hair

removed by the best known Electrical process. Very best satisfaction guaranteed. Manicuring, Manicuring and Chlorepod. Hair and scalp treatment a specialty. Try a Vapor Bath treatment. Excellent for rheumatism and other complaints. Recommended by all doctors. SPECIAL ATTENTION given to students wishing to learn the profession. IT WILL PAY YOU to write for particulars of any of the above treatments, or Telephone Main 5579.

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The programme for the week is as follows:

Sons of England Band Concert this evening.  
SUNDAY, JULY 14  
Sermons at 11 a.m. and 5 p.m. by Rev. A. E. Lavelle, B.A.  
MONDAY, JULY 15  
8 p.m.—Quilting Entertainment.  
TUESDAY, JULY 16  
8 p.m.—Lecture by W. A. Douglass, B.A.  
THURSDAY, JULY 18  
Children's Day.  
FRIDAY, JULY 19  
8 p.m.—Lecture by Rev. A. E. Lavelle, B.A. Subject: "Life in Kingston Penitentiary."  
SATURDAY, JULY 20  
8 p.m.—Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert.  
For Illustrated Programme apply—  
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New and high-class summer resort on Narrows between

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Special Feature - The Fishing  
Good Table. Experienced male cook. Careful service. Special rates to families and large parties. Further particulars on application to  
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Is Now Open for the Reception of Guests.

MCGAW & WINNETT,  
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Hanlan's Point, Toronto Island

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THE BELVIDERE, Parry Sound, Ontario, most beautifully situated hotel in Canada.

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THE ELGIN HOUSE

Situated on a point always ensures the guests of the coolest breezes.

This hotel was built last year, finished in hard wood and lighted by acetylene gas. Baths and sanitary arrangements the best.

Express and post-offices in the building; telegraph can be reached in 10 minutes.

Concert hall, etc., fishing, boating, bathing, lawn tennis courts, etc. Apply—

L. LOVE, Elgin House, Lake Joseph.

MILFORD BAY HOUSE, Muskoka Lake, Ont.

Lit with Acetylene Gas. First-Class in all its appointments. Post and telegraph offices on premises. Modern sanitary improvements.

Fine sandy beach for bathing. Fine spring of pure water, eradicates malaria. Steam yacht in connection with hotel. Good fishing. Furnished cottages to let. Boats and canoes for hire. Lawn tennis, croquet, swings, quoits, etc. Grand piano. Room for 100 guests. \$7.00 to \$20.00 per week. \$1.50 per day.

E. THOMAS, Proprietor.



## SCORE'S



EVENING DRESS SUIT. The materials in demand are elastic. SPECIAL PRICE, \$35.00. Twills and uncut Worsteds, with facings of pure silk.

TUXEDO (DINNER COAT). Similar in material to the Dress and Pique Waistcoat. Coat, with silk collar and fronts, and vest of same or white Pique. SPECIAL PRICE, \$28.00.

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Dooley on The New York Custom House.

HANNIGAN has returned from European travel, and Dooley thus describes to his friend Hennessy some of Hannigan's experiences on landing in New York: "Misther Hannigan," says the inspector, "on yer wurrd iv honor as an Irish gentleman an' an American citizen," he says, "have ye annything in that box that yerud ye paid more fr' in this country?" "On me wurrd iv honor," says Hannigan, "I believe ye," says th' chief, "Swear him. Ye know th' solemnity iv an oath. Ye do solemnly swear he this an' be that that ye have not been lyin' all this time like th' knavish scoundrel that ye wud be if ye did," he says, "I swear," says Hannigan. "That will suffice," says the chief, "Go down on th' dock an' be searched," he says.

"Hannigan says he wint down on th' dock prettish the look-step, so he wuddent seen green when they put him in fr' perjury. I won't tell ye what he see on th' dock. No, I won't. Hinnissy. 'Tint anything ye ought to know, unless ye're goin' into th' dry-goods business." Hannigan says they hadn't got halfway to th' bottom iv th' thrunks, an' there wasn't a woman fr'm th' boat that he'd dare to look in th' face. He turned away with a blush an' see his wife an' childer standin' behind th' bars iv a fine, an' he started fr' thim. "Hol' on there," says a policeman. "Where are ye goin'?" he says. "To see me wife, ye gom," says Hannigan. "Ye can't see her till we look at what ye've got in th' box," says th' copper. "Ye'er domestic footies can wait until we see about th' others," says he. "Ye're a prisoner," says he, "till we prove that ye ought to be," he says. With that Mrs. Hannigan calls out: "Tim," she says. "Pah-pah," she says. "At-re ye under arrest?" she says. "What are ye charged with?" she says. "Threasion," says he. "I wint away fr'm home," he says. "But that's no crime," she says. "Yes, it is," says he. "I come back," he says.

"With that another inspector come along an' he says: 'Open that thrunk,' says he. 'Cut th' rope,' he says. 'Boys, bring an axe an' lave us see what this smuggler has in th' box,' he says. 'What's this? A blackthorn canel

Confiscate it. A bottle iv whiskey! Put it aside fr' evidence. A coat! Miscreant! A pair iv pants! Ye perjured ruffian! Don't ye know ye can get nearly as good a pair iv pants fr' twice th' money in this country? Three collars? Hyena! A bar iv soap. An' this man calls himself a patriot! Where did ye get that thrunk? It looks foreign. I'll take it. Me man," he says, "ye have taken a long chanst," he says, "but I won't be hard on ye. Ye'll need clothes," he says. "Here's me card," he says. "I'm an inspector iv customs on th' side, but th' government really hires me to ripresent Goldenheim an' Ekkestein, shirt-makers be appointment to th' Cabinet."

"Hannigan wint out an' called to th' inspector. 'Look, you!' 'What is it?' says th' man. 'Ye missed something,' says Hannigan. 'I was tatooed in Cork,' he says. 'Stop that man,' says th' head iv a ladin' firm iv tatooers an' president iv th' Society fr' th' Protection iv American Art, if such there be. 'Stop him! he's smuggling in foreign art!' But Hannigan bats him to th' street ear. An' that was his welcome home."

## Collecting Himself.

There seems to be such a thing as "woods madness," a mingled bewilderment and panic which descends upon those who are lost in the forest, and causes them to run about at random, growing every instant more distraught. W. J. Stillman says in his "Autobiography" that he once suffered the preliminary "scare" when he was wandering about, years ago, in what was then the little known Adirondack wilderness.

I took a boat one afternoon, and began to follow the course of the stream up from its mouth, in the hope of finding a waterfall of which I had been told. After half a mile of clear, navigable water, the stream became so clogged with fallen trees that more lifting than paddling was required; and as its course was extremely tortuous, I occasionally got out and examined the water-bed and the portion above, if, perchance, there might be better navigation beyond.

On one of these digressions, I suddenly came on the stream running back on its previous course, and parallel to

it. Instantly, in the twinkling of an eye, the entire landscape seemed to have changed its bearings.

It was about three o'clock, but the sun shone to me out of the north, and it was impossible to convince myself that my senses deceived me, or that it must be in the southwest, the general direction from which the stream was flowing, and that, to get home again, I must turn my back to it. For I had penetrated sufficiently into the "woods" to be sure that I had lost my boat.

I did not know whether to go upstream or down to find it. Then began to come over me, like an evil spell, the bewilderment and panic which make up woods madness. Fresh wolf-tracks were plentiful all along the stream; panthers and bears abounded in that section, and the wilderness beyond me was hardly penetrable, so dense was the undergrowth of cedars and swamp firs. I had one terrible moment of clear consciousness that if I went astray at that juncture no human being would ever know where I was. I saw the absolute necessity of recovering my sense of the points of the compass.

By a strong effort of will I repressed my growing panic, sat down on a log, covered my face with my hands and waited. I have no idea how long, but until I felt calm.

When I looked up I found the sun in his proper place, and the landscape as I had known it. I walked back to my boat, and went home.

## A Plunge in Oil.

There is a story told of Mr. Rockefeller's first venture in the oil business. Indeed, he has been known to tell the story himself, with evidently appreciation of its humor. It was away back in the early sixties, when he was engaged in the grain business in Cleveland, Ohio.

One of his customers, a Mr. Breed, was the owner of an oil-well at Titusville. Mr. Rockefeller became interested in the account of the well, and consented to go to see it with a prospect of purchasing. The next week he appeared. Mr. Breed tells of this visit.

"The well was about eight miles below Titusville, on Oil Creek. The roads were very bad, and we rode horse-back. We left the horses tied to a tree, and went the last half-mile on foot. The path led over a sort of bayou six feet across. The oil men threw the sediment from the oil-tanks into the bayou, and the mixture of oily mud and water was inky black.

"To cross the bayou we had to walk a log, which was slippery from the snow of the previous night. I crossed safely, and was about to offer Mr. Rockefeller a helping hand, when he slipped and fell into the bayou.

"He sank into the tarry mud nearly to his hips, ruining his clothes, which happened to be new and light-colored. It took us half an hour, working with barrel-staves, to scrape off the tar so that he could walk. His first remark after he was out of the bayou was: 'Breed, you've got me into the oil business head and ears.'

"He bought the oil and a new suit of clothes before he left Titusville. Mr. Rockefeller and I rarely meet, but when we do we always have a laugh over his first plunge into the oil business."

## Lord Dufferin Incognito.

An amusing mistake occurred at the presentation of addresses by foreign delegates and others to the Chancellor and Senate of Glasgow University at the recent jubilee of that institution. The imposing ceremony was proceeding with due dignity, names being called in rotation,

and the distinguished visitors stepped up in turn representing their diverse university and colleges. The clerk of session came to the Royal University of Ireland, calling out the name of Mr. Delaney. Quite a gasp went round the dais when the vice-chancellor and his bigwigs there recognized before them no less a personage than the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, K.P., ex-Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, with yards of other distinctions tacked to his illustrious name.

Mr. Delaney was the original representative, but his name was withdrawn some time since, Lord Dufferin taking his place. It seems the change had never been notified to Glasgow; hence the contretemps. Both the Marquis and the vice-chancellor know how to appreciate situations, and that night at the banquet given by the Corporation, when Dr. Story sat on one side of the Lord Provost and Lord Dufferin on the other, there was a shy smile as the former drank to the health of "Mr. Delaney."

## Conflicting Wishes.

While going his rounds, the foreman of a factory lost a cuff link. After some time had elapsed and the cuff link had not turned up, he caused the

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453 1-2 Yonge St.,  
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639 Yonge St.,  
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Near Sherbourne.

Open 8 a.m. to 11 p.m.

## ONE LEFT

## TO BE LET

The Front  
Office  
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## Saturday Night Building...

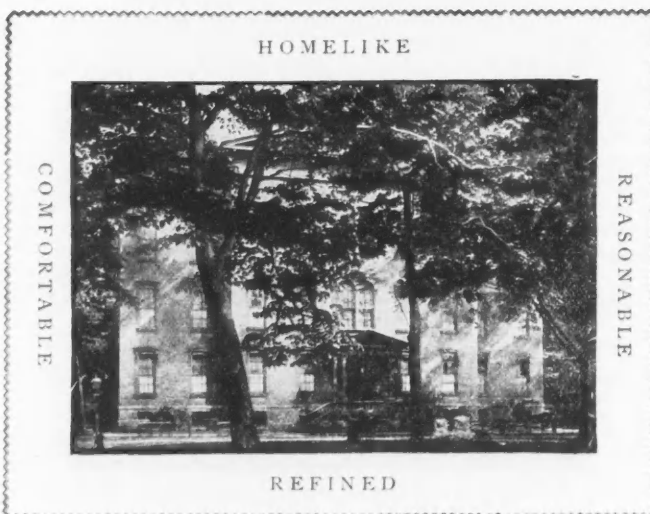
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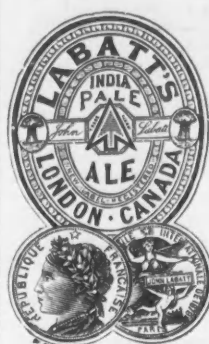


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The Malt and Hops used are the finest that skill and money can secure. A prime favorite.

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## Oxford Gas Range

You will have perfect kitchen coolness and comfort all summer through and be money in pocket at the end of the season.

They're the most economical gas users made—their special patented burners requiring much less gas than others to furnish intense heat.

See the many different styles and sizes—all at small prices.

To be seen at all leading dealers everywhere.

GURNEY OXFORD STOVE AND FURNACE CO., 231 Yonge St.  
OXFORD STOVE STORE, 569 Queen St. West.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

following notice to be put up in a conspicuous place in the workshop: "Mr. L., having lost a gold cuff link, would be very glad if the finder would return it as soon as possible to the owner." Imagine his feelings when a few hours later, on passing the notice, he found the following appended: "The finder of the above cuff link would be very much obliged if Mr. L. would lose the other one."

## Teaching the Mosquito.

It is possible to accomplish not only more than one expects, but much more than one desires.

"I understand Brown went to New Jersey last summer to study the mosquito," said one man to another, referring to a well-known entomologist. "So I heard," said the second man, "but when I met him the other day he said he felt that, instead of studying entomology, he'd been engaged in teaching anthropology most of the time!"

## Couldn't Understand It.

An English paper says: The ambassador of the Sultan of Morocco and his followers had a good time of it during the first few days of their visit to this country. They went to the Zoo, Madame Tussaud's, Knightsbridge Barracks, and many other places. At the Barracks the ambassador noticed one of our soldiers performing his ablutions. This act of washing, and in the middle of the day, too, seemed to puzzle and confuse him. "What religious ceremony is that great hero going through?" solemnly asked His Excel-

lency. "Oh, he's simply having a wash," was the reply. "Simply a wash?" Ah!" replied the ambassador, more solemnly than ever; "going to see the King, I suppose?"

## A Short Speech.

One of the shortest of speeches on record was made, of all places in the world, in the United States Congress, by a member possessed of "fatal fluency," who observed, "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general." At which point the closure was applied by a friend, who pulled the orator down by his coat-tails, with the remonstrance: "You'd better stop; you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

## Births.

Beatty—July 6th, Mrs. C. W. Beatty, a son.  
Haldenby—June 26th, Mrs. Charles N. Simpson—July 8th, a daughter.  
Stokes—July 5th, Mrs. W. E. Stokes, Toronto, a daughter.  
Ridout—July 7th, Mrs. Andrew W. Ridout, Walkerville, a son.  
Devins—July 4th, Mrs. I. N. Devins, Sunnyside, a daughter.  
Muir—June 26th, Mrs. R. S. Muir, Toronto, a daughter.  
Ailing—July 7th, Mrs. S. H. Ailing, East Berlin, Conn., a daughter.  
Macrae—July 1st, Mrs. G. Ernest Macrae, Toronto, a daughter.  
MacLaren—July 6th, Mrs. Wallace MacLaren, Toronto, a daughter.  
Stuart—July 4th, Mrs. Frederick A. Stuart, Lucan, a son.  
Fleming—July 1st, Mrs. A. Grant Fleming, Toronto, a daughter.  
Layton—July 7th, Mrs. David B. Layton, Toronto, a son.

## Marriages.

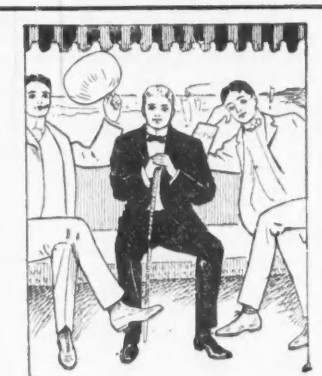
Hanley—Armitage—July 8th, at Toronto, Thomas Francis Hanley to Agnes Bertha Armitage.  
Woolverton—Blair—June 26th, at Grimsby, Charles Ernest Woolverton to Mary Ethel Blair.  
Knott—Cundall—July 8th, at Toronto, John W. Knott to Mary Cundall.  
Kelso—Martin—June 26th, at Nashville, Tenn., J. J. Kelso to Irene Maddin Martin.  
Unsworth—McIntee—July 9th, at Burford, Rev. J. K. Unsworth to Mrs. Elma McIntee.  
Gourlay—Eastwood—July 9th, at Whitby, Richard Gourlay to Ida Gertrude Eastwood.  
Colwell—Kent—July 8th, at Toronto, Walter E. Colwell to Edith E. Kent.  
Allan—Stillwell—July 3rd, at Charles Allan to Ethel Miriam Stillwell.  
McNab—Heslop—July 8th, at Brantford, William Duncan McNab, M.D., to Affie Ruth Ann Heslop.  
Ryall—Ballingall—July 8th, at Paris, Ont., Rev. Septimus Ryall to Agnes Ballingall.

## Deaths.

McLaren—July 8th, at Toronto Island, Louisa Murray McLaren, in her 82nd year.  
Smythe—July 4th, at Greenwood, B.C., James W. H. Smythe, aged 32 years.  
Baker—June 27th, at Toronto, Rebecca B. Baker, aged 64 years.  
Ryves—July 8th, at Toronto, Thomas W. Ryves, in his 82d year.  
Ross—July 5th, at Denver, Col., Duncan Colin Ross, in his 24th year.  
Snell—At Toronto, Robert Snell, in his 88th year.  
Bull—Drowned, at Brampton, July 9th, Reba Bull, in her 32d year.  
Humphrey—July 8th, at Scarborough, James Humphrey, aged 74 years.  
O'Doherty—July 9th, at Toronto, Lavinia Catherine O'Doherty.  
Peters—July 8th, at Woodbridge, Hendetta May Peters, in her tenth year.  
Rumble—July 8th, at Hillsdale, Ont., Maggie Rumble, in her 29th year.  
Douglas—July 7th, at Toronto, Margaret Douglas, late of Streetsville.  
Kieley—July 8th, at Toronto, John D. Sinclair—July 10th, at Toronto, Adeline Sinclair, aged 58 years.  
Webster—July 7th, at Toronto, Emily Garraty Webster, in her 62nd year.  
Duffy—July 8th, at Stayner, Rev. Father Duffy, P.P., aged 48 years.  
August—July 10th, at Toronto, Alfred August, in his 73rd year.

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## Boys' Suits

6.00 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—4.65—  
5.00 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—3.85—  
4.00 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—2.95—  
3.50 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—1.98—  
3.00 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—1.98—  
2.50 Boys' Suits, Cut Sale price—1.75—

## Men's Suits

15.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—11.65—  
12.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—9.45—  
10.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—7.45—  
8.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—6.45—  
6.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—4.45—  
5.00 Men's Suits, Cut Sale price—3.45—

## Oak Hall Clothiers

115 KING EAST—116 YONGE.